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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
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17 NOVEMBER 1978
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Evidence of intent

By Jerome Bruner

D. W. HAMLYN:
Experience and the Growth of Understanding
159pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £6.50.

It would be enormously helpful for intellectual historians (and for reviewers about to predict large changes) to have some sort of system for forecasting the coming cultural climate. Contemporary analysts of scientific revolution, like Kuhn, make too much perhaps of massive and sudden shifts in intellectual paradigm. I rather suspect that the ground for such revolution is prepared by careful and analytic delineations of our malaise with paradigms now in force. And such delineations of our malaise with departure of the old order but may in fact write part of the prescription for the new. I take D. W. Hamlyn's powerful but flawed little book, *Experience and the Growth of Understanding*, to be a major exercise in the delineation of the malaise.

He addresses an ancient philosophical question: "How is it possible that human beings should acquire knowledge and understanding as the result of experience?" It might seem to many as if this question had long since been translated into empirical terms, that it were no longer of concern to the philosopher. There is, after all, a well-developed branch of experimental psychology fruitfully devoted to this topic; and even neurology has begun to develop some quite deep conclusions about the role of certain brain mechanisms and even their loci. Yet there still remain some peculiarly intractable and general problems in the formulation of theories of *human* learning. Two of them are perpetually at issue in theories of learning and human development. One can be called the problem of structure: how much must we already know in order to learn anything new? And if we must already know something in order to learn anything, how do we get started learning at all? The second is the problem of vicariousness: is learning always by direct individual experience of the world, and if not, by what means do we learn about the world from other human beings? It will be immediately apparent that both problems force one to be explicit about the role of human culture in human development and, more precisely, about the nature and use of language as the medium by which much of the culture may be transmitted. Professor Hamlyn has it plainly in mind to launch on a collision course with the two major received doctrines of our time — Piaget on intellectual development, and Chomsky on language and its acquisition (although, let it be said, Chomsky has been more concerned with deductions about how language *must* be acquired than he has been with studying how it actually is).

Hamlyn proceeds in classical style, first scrutinizing the presuppositions of Piaget and his critics, then Chomsky and his, and finally setting forward a view of his own. Curiously enough, the author brings to his task a minimal supply of factual knowledge (self-confessed as well as self-evident in the text). He justifies this lack by the claim that a philosopher need know only enough about an empirical field to guide his analysis of its general problems. In certain respects, his point must be well taken, for he has succeeded in writing a book that is not only well argued from an abstract point of view, but one that does quite decent if inadvertent justice to recent findings of empirical research in the fields he chooses to scrutinize. Still, it would have been a richer book and a livelier one if Professor Hamlyn had known what had been going on "since Piaget" and "since Chomsky". If Wittgenstein was right about philosophers helping the fly out of the fly-bottle, philosophers will have to learn to communicate with flies, not just with each other. But more of this later. Let me deal first with Hamlyn's arguments, and then return to the more general issue of the long-range climate that this book may be signalling.

The account begins with a contrast between two extreme views of how it is possible that human beings learn from experience: "genesis without structure", and "structure without genesis", empiricism and rationalism. The first view proposes that such knowledge as we acquire takes its form from the order that exists in the world, as a reflection of regularities in our experience of that world. Knowledge comes *from* experience and, in the pure version, never *through* experience (to use Kant's distinction). Knowledge grows adventitiously where it happens to fall, and all that is needed by way of mind is something to receive input and "associate" or assemble it in a fashion that extracts its steady features. Those steady features constitute knowledge. In practice, this inductive assembly turns out to be the stumbling block for at least two daunting reasons: how does the associative computer know what to assemble together—as for example in Augustine's example of the child learning what "red" stands for: is it colour, shape, the mood of the person who utters the word? Is the accumulation of knowledge as slow and uncertain as induction implies? And, as Wittgenstein commented, how does the assembling computer know that the game is about naming, in contrast to warning or promising or praising? Hamlyn quite properly questions, as many have before him, whether human beings, given their diverse experiences, could ever develop sufficiently shared forms of knowledge to achieve agreement in judgment. Even if it were possible for experience to be assembled into knowledge that somehow reliably reflected "the world"—and it is questionable in some domains, like language, whether the child encounters enough unequivocal instances in proper context to do so—it still remains moot whether certain universals of human knowledge would have become universals across the vast diversity of individual experience.

Structure without genesis, innate rationalism, poses problems of comparable severity. For Plato, learning something was simply recognizing what one already knew innately through the history of the race. But then, how did the race acquire the knowledge *de novo*? Was there an empiricist in the rationalist's evolutionary woodpile? For all that, most forms of innate rationalism have taken the canonical Platonic l Indeed, Chomsky's famous La age Acquisition Device, LAD, originally conceived as an i recognition program for sorting well-formed sentences from th that were ungrammatical str Recognition is usually assisted innately generated hypotheses search out and organize know in uniquely human ways. dilemma for any rationalist is he must either admit some role experience and *then* indicate h knowledge derived from that exp ence fits into the pattern of knowledge and thereby lose his c dentials as a pure rationalist or, Plato, insist that all knowledge innate and that experience only gers recognition, which may be view of admirable purity but rather silly as epistemology. Fin and for reasons that will be app ent shortly, Hamlyn rejects th theory of truth that he takes to inherent in rationalism: truth occ ring by the coincidence of kno ledge shared innately by hum beings.

Piaget serves the author as model of "structure *with* genesis" rationalism with a role for exper ence. Piaget proceeds by envis ing a natural and immutable orde of cognitive development, regulat in the manner of a biologic system. At each stage, experience provides "*aliment*" for f realization of the stage, which th permits a leap to a next stage go erned by a new structure in which previous structures are a sorbed. As development progresse the organizing structure gets i creasingly complex, until fin (though to me rather mysterious the adolescent is able to work the structures independently of their founding particulars—th stage of formal operations. Th progress is pushed on by a proces of decentration, whereby th child through active experien and by progressing through furth stages, is enabled to have his exp ence "objectively", rather th from an egocentric perspective. this view, one achieves objectivi by acting directly and individual on the world while progressi through various stages of devel ment. The result is to "correct initial egocentrism. Thus Piaget gets high marks in Profe sor Hamlyn's epistemological bo though it is a pity he cannot eva ate the kind of research th Piaget's epistemology confines h to.

But very abruptly, and with quic ening pace, we reach the book watershed. The empiricist, th rationalist, and even Piaget (wh does so well on structure and gen sis) fail to jump the crucial hurd of what earlier I called vicarious ness.

Each approach treats the grow of understanding and knowled as a function of the interactio between an individual . . . an his environment or world. It not thought of as a problem that he *must of necessity* share with others if only for the reason that the terms in which the prob lem has to be expressed have public and *therefore* intersubjec tive meaning. Thus the individual is not thought of as one who shares a life . . . with others, a fact which must inevitably colour the way in which the problem of cognitive development *is* con structed.

And it is precisely at this point that Professor Hamlyn's book comes alive.

The remainder of the book is given over to a consideration of what it can mean, philosophically and psychologically in terms of theory construction, for human beings to "share a common understanding" of each other and of the world. The general form of his claim is that common understanding is a presupposition of knowledge, and that the achievement of common understanding depends upon what Wittgenstein referred to as "agreement in forms of life". Agreement in forms of life makes possible the phenomenon of *correction*. To take a correction *as* a correction means seeing oneself and the corrector as persons sharing a common form of life. "It would not be much of an exaggeration to say that one all-important factor in the development of children as persons is that they are treated as persons by persons." Or in most general terms:

> What emerges from all this is the connection between such concepts as those of knowledge, truth, learning, the possibility of correction, common interests or wants, and thus the possibility of standing in relation to other beings in ways which are at least akin to human relations. It would seem therefore that we shall not fully understand such "epistemological" notions as those of knowledge and understanding unless and until we see them in the framework of and against the background of the relationships in which we stand to each other and to other things.

And so, for example, a notion of truth must include a recognition that any propositional candidate for truth testing must also be a candidate for possible agreement by others—although Professor Hamlyn is quite silent on how, in practice, different truth criteria are reconciled with each other.

The key process in early cognitive and linguistic development—and Hamlyn does not propose how it might work nor is it properly his philosophical job to do so—is relating objects and events and people not only to an external or cognitive framework, but to a context of wants and wishes of one's own and of those whose "form of life" one shares. This involves learning to read the intentions of others and the manner in which acts and objects are related to intentions. To illustrate his point he takes Chomsky's theory of language acquisition as the cautionary lesson. The point of departure is Chomsky's claim that the prelinguistic child must have an innate idea of the *linguistic* subject-predicate distinction in order for him to grasp that distinction as embodied in a sentence. Prelinguistic communication *before* the child ever gets to sentences, Hamlyn insists, is replete with subject-predicate-like *Anlage*, as when attention is drawn to something thus causing an object and a reaction to it to be distinguished: communication of *feelings* about *things* precedes and gradually gives shape to ideas that are later realized in grammatical predicational form. An innate grammatical idea is unnecessary. The child and his parent are trafficking constantly in the interchange of reactions and attitudes about things in the world. Can the view carry us much beyond an account of reference and description in language? Hamlyn's claim is a strong one:

> What else that is in some sense linguistic . . . can one find in human action, behavioural interchange and mutual expression? The answer is "a very great deal", for human behaviour and what it expresses is saturated with that which is propositionally styled.

The "propositional flavour" or "meaning" of human actions have to do with recurring situations of want, of exchange, of intentions that are shared. Or, in his strongest statement, "acquisition of a certain linguistic competence must be seen against the background of the natural or characteristic context for its performance".

Learning a particular context is not like learning to wiggle your ears: it is steeped in a prior mastery of contexts that are relevant to it. And the contexts are shared. "Thus the child's learning of language is in a genuine sense an initiation into an institution . . .". Neither the syntactic nor the semantic features of a language would be mastered without the prior grasp of the fact that the "sayings" in which they are embodied fulfil comprehensible functions. The egocentricity of the young child "to the extent that it exists" is not a defect of decentration (as Piaget would hold) but "simply one facet of the growth of an understanding of a public world".

To those acquainted with current work in cognitive development and in language acquisition—particularly with critical assessments of Piaget and Chomsky based on empirical research—Hamlyn's little volume will be seen as located right at the crest of the new wave. Work on the continuity of prelinguistic and linguistic communication has shown, for example, how important is the fine-tuned relationship between mother and child. The recent volumes edited by Snow and Ferguson (*Talking to Children*, 1977) and by Ervin-Tripp and Mitchell-Kernan (*Child Discourse*, 1978) are rich in documentation. So too John Searle's efforts to put pragmatics of speech acts prior to syntactic competence. Halliday's renewal of emphasis on the priority of function over form in language acquisition is down the same street, as is Margaret Donaldson's brilliant exposition of the importance of context (including interpersonal context) in the child's development of concepts. Indeed, the past decade has been one in which formalism—whether out of Geneva or MIT—has been systematically put in the context of function. And the recent appearance of translations of Russian psychologists and psycholinguists like Vygotsky and Luria has been principally motivated by a desire to reconsider the extent to which "enculturation" is a forming influence on the use of mind (see, for example, Stephen Toulmin's review in *New York Review of Books*, September 28, 1978).

It is no longer the general conviction that we can rely, in considering the growth of mind, upon the model of the lone human faced with the task, unassisted, of constructing his world. Indeed, the "crisis" in social psychology has precisely to do with reintroducing the concept of "intention" into a hitherto causal psychology, with particular regard for the socialization of intentions both as culturally fashioned motivating factors and as states we attribute to others with whom we are interacting.

So it is very puzzling to find a volume on these topics with no reference to any of this empirical work. In one way, I want to applaud Professor Hamlyn for a kind of anachronistic prescience. He got right to the frontier by rational means alone. In another way I want to say that the book is appallingly ill-informed about the state of the art about which the author sets out to write (though let it be said that his grasp of Piaget's ideas is masterful). What a pity he has constantly to work with invented examples rather than by reference to observed phenomena. And, indeed, he inevitably says some silly things about the course of cognitive growth—and even about issues closer to philosophy, as in passing so lightly over the relationship between criteria by which we test the truth value of propositions.

On balance, though, I think Professor Hamlyn's rational *tour de force* may tell us something about the changing intellectual climate. As I tried to say in my Herbert Spencer Lecture (*TLS*, December 17 1976) we are living through a crucial change in the study of mind and its development, a change in which the nineteenth-century positivism of psychology's founding fathers is being deeply questioned. Professor Hamlyn's book reflects and deepens that process of change. Perhaps after all I am needlessly parochial in making that much of his unwillingness to relate his rational efforts to the less glamorous gropings at the empirical coal face.

An arresting image by the Canadian photographer Michel Saint-Jean, from Creative Camera Collection 5 (236pp. Gordon Fraser. £12.50), the fifth in a series of photography annuals which includes fine work both contemporary and historical, known and unknown. The current issue contains a series of urban landscapes (from which our picture is taken), work by ten young contemporaries, an article on "The Emotional Factor in Photography" by the Australian Max Dupain (with a selection of his work), an interview with the Japanese playwright and film-maker Terayama, and articles on two father figures of modern photography, Max Steinert and Moholy-Nagy.

Ghost-House

I have made a ghost-house of black thread,
black wire. It swings like a birdcage,
a home to house the restless, perturbed dead.
And indeed they have found rest. We both believe
whatever haunts this bedroom with its breath
is breathing quietly and has ceased to grieve.

We think there are two. No, there are squares of two,
infinities of deaths.
Now while we sleep, the children cannot sleep,
they have to have one too. From their lamp-shade,
black thread and wire, it hangs, as beautiful
and intricate as the one my hands have made.

D. M. Thomas

The outline of a couch

By Eric Rhode

Berggasse 19
Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna 1938
The Photographs of Edmund Engelman with an Introduction by Peter Gay.
153pp. (54 photographs). Basic Books. £14.95.

ERNST FREUD, LUCIE FREUD and ILSE GRUBRICH-SIMITIS (Editors):
Sigmund Freud
His Life in Pictures and Words
350pp. (357 illustrations). André Deutsch. £15.

In May 1938, shortly before Sigmund Freud and his family escaped from Austria, Edmund Engelman was invited to take detailed photographs of the two apartments at Berggasse 19, where Freud worked and lived. In a gripping memoir appended to this collection of photographs (for the first time issued in one volume), Engelman tells of the hazards, and terrors, which attended his task. The Gestapo had appropriated a flat that looked down on the Freud rooms (where the great man was completing *Moses and Monotheism*); and it was thought that an unexpected stir, however slight, might put lives at risk. Engelman brought with him, and as stealthily as possible, a heavy tripod, two cameras (a Leica and a Rolleiflex), two lenses (50mm and 28mm), a light meter, "and as many rolls of film as I could pack into my small valise". He did not dare use flash or floodlights.

Far from crippling him, these limitations worked to his advantage. Low exposure gave his images the luminosity of twilight. Things loomed with the kind of delineation that only half-light can achieve. Within hours, the contents of these rooms, passionately collected for over half a century, would be dispersed. It might have been the moment before the ash-clouds settled on Pompeii. But these photographs would recollect them—and recall, too, this moment of foreboding.

But their power cannot be accounted for by just a particular terror, or even by the more generalized fate that many suffered at that time. After the war, Engelman went back to the apartments. He found them drab. In the empty room where the couch had been, he notice an outline on the floor, which workmen were soon to scrape away. His photographs have none of this pathos, however. Nor have they the surrealist resonance that pictures of depopulated rooms and streets often arouse. In the Engelman record, the consulting area and the adjacent study look timeless in their fullness; or rather, not so much timeless, as permanently of the present. But why? Another oddity: it is hard to imagine the patients Freud wrote about as having actually visited these rooms; their case histories would seem to take on life by existing on a different time-stream.

The photographs gain vitality from a conflict in atmospheres. Two opening shots of the Berggasse on a louring morning, with rainy cobbles and a swastika drooping from a high window, concentrate a hostility that still shrouds Vienna. Turn the page, and you will see one way in which Freud tried to distance this hostility. Anyone familiar with the impersonality practised by many present-day psychoanalysts will be amazed. For these interiors are crammed with Turkey rugs, photographs, hoards of books and, above all, antiquities—Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Chinese—antiquities everywhere, and not one inch free from claws, beaks and noble marble features.

Freud was no complacent inheritor of humanist culture. On the contrary: one senses that he was desperately shoring up fragments; and in so doing, transforming their meaning. You could say that Freud practised a *bricolage* in which antique fragments took on a modern and unpredicated significance. As Peter Gay reminds us in an introductory essay, Freud liked to draw a comparison between the re-discovery of Pompeii and the retrieval of repressed memories. Archaeology gave him a model for the processes of psychoanalytic reconstruction. Whether he was misled in using this model is an open question: what is certain, though, is that these photographs epitomize a conflict between achievement and destruction.

"What progress we are making. In the Middle Ages they would have burnt me; nowadays they are content with burning my books." This remark of Freud's occurs in a handsome picture book devoted to his life—and compiled by the late Ernst Freud, Lucie Freud and Ilse Grubrich-Simitis. It is a limitation of their technique that the quotation should be linked to a double-page familiar shot of Nazis burning books: a wastage of space that recalls the ways in which image and commentary can drag on each other in television history programmes. Still, there are photographs here that have seldom, if ever, been published before. Some are from the last years in London. A notable one has Freud standing before the Esplanade hotel, rocking forward as though in a wind, chin out, stick behind his back. The beautiful house in Maresfield Gardens, where he found refuge and eventually died, is also well represented. Freud found it such an improvement on Berggasse 19 that he was tempted to say Heil Hitler.

Chatto & Windus

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(The Plays of Sophocles, Commentaries, III) xiv, 212 pages £ 26.—

E. J. Brill

41 Museum Street, London

*Nomen atque omen: left, Mme Fouqueau de Pussy; centre, Mrs Friendly Ley; right, Mary Maloof Teabaggy. These three ladies are not the inventions of Beachcomber, Firbank or Joyce, but real people: Mme Fouqueau de Pussy was an author (*Le Grandpère et ses quatre petit fils*, Boston, 1855); Mrs Friendly Ley, of Mission Hills, California, had an end put to her friendliness when her husband shot her. About Ms Teabaggy, from Boston, little is known, in spite of the researches of John Train, who compiled and annotated* Remarkable Names of Real People, or, How to Name Your Baby *(63pp. Harvester. £2.95). The illustrations are by Pierre Le-Tan. As S. J. Perelman writes in his introduction, real names are funnier than anything that could be "laboriously devised by the sophomoric". There really were—or are—a French policeman called Charles Adolphe Faux-Pas Bidet; a Washington congresswoman called Iris Faircloth Blitch; a Mrs Virginia May Sweatt Strong (of Memphis); a firm (of glaciologists) called Messrs Bull and Schutt; and dozens of others, many of an obvious but amiable obscenity.*

Chatter box

By E. S. Turner

ANDREW BARROW:

Gossip

A History of High Society from 1920-1970

282pp. Hamish Hamilton. £10.

Andrew Barrow describes his *Gossip* as "the day-by-day story of high-society over fifty action-packed years". The book consists of brief, usually deadpan summaries of incidents taken from gossip columns and memoirs: elopements, ostentatious parties, jewel thefts, suicides, sex changes, hunting falls, court cases and the like. It is lively and entertaining, though by no means free of dross. To which the compiler is entitled to retort that the British public notoriously hates a sausage which is all meat.

Those who lived through the years under review will know what milestones to expect: Mrs Meyrick and her night clubs; "Hyde Park cases"; the Bright Young People; "Colonel Barker" (who, according to her judge, "profaned the house of God, outraged the decencies of nature and broke the laws of man"); the "Officer in the Tower"; the Abdication; the Profumo case. "High society" is stretched to include the "pop aristocracy" and even the Kray Brothers.

Sensibly, perhaps, Mr Barrow dismisses some of the much-rehashed tales summarily; but it is odd that he tells us hardly anything of the long-running honours scandal which cost Lloyd George his good name and omits the Maundy Gregory case altogether. Of Lloyd George, we learn instead that he spent Christmas 1920 alone at Number Ten with his secretary, Frances Stevenson (but the organist of Westminster Cathedral looked in to play the piano for them). The Prime Minister had a long olive-green Rolls, grander than the mere Daimler presented to Ramsay MacDonald (along with a big block of shares) by a biscuit manufacturer. Ought we not to have been reminded of the explosion of gossip in 1924 when MacDonald arrived at St James's Palace decked out in plumes, Court breeches and sword, with Philip Snowden similarly accoutred?

The Royal family makes numerous appearances. In 1939 Queen Mary sets off with sixty-three servants to sit out the war at Badminton, whence in 1942 she sends an urgent demand to a West End wine merchant for more hock (in the First World War the Royal family went teetotal as an example to the nation, which failed to follow it, and obviously Queen Mary was not to be caught a second time). On his last day on earth George VI shoots nine hares and a pigeon. In 1965 the racecourse commentary service known as "the Blower" is installed in Clarence House for the Queen Mother, so that she can follow her horses. And in 1968 photographs of the present Queen in bed are published, "exciting much indignation in certain quarters". Mr Barrow does not tell us what the photographs showed, why they were taken or by whom. As often happens, he leaves us in the air.

He likes to tell us what people wore and what they ate, especially what Sir Winston Churchill ate (we never do find him consuming the legendary covey of partridges for breakfast). Mr Barrow has his favourites, like Tallulah Bankhead, "Chips" Channon and Margaret, Duchess of Argyll, and he is positively obsessed with the doings of Cecil Beaton: Beaton fined 10s for illegal parking, Beaton catching a chill, Beaton's father spraining an ankle and so on. Among hostesses, Mrs Laura Corrigan, Lady Cunard, and Mrs Ronnie Greville receive gratifying coverage. In 1943 Lady Cunard gives a party at the Dorchester, at which "kissing on the mouth was mentioned". Just like that; no explanation.

Treasurable items include the Duke of Devonshire's invention of a conveyor-belt at Chatsworth capable of carrying a bowl of soup 328 feet in thirty-two seconds without spilling (did not the Dukes of Portland have a light railway at Welbeck for a similar purpose?). For a Welsh society wedding, "the summit of Snowdon was floodlit as a gift . . . from the North Wales Power Company"; surely nothing like that happened when Lord Snowdon took his name from the peak? One page contains two items of cremation gossip. Apparently the Brighton Crematorium authorities were cross because they had been induced to lay on a service for Aleister Crowley, the self-styled Beast 666 (perhaps he should have been sent to the common incinerator); and Earl Spencer was reported to be clearing his family vault near Daventry and sending some of his older ancestors for burning.

The laws which now limit references to court convictions must pose problems for an author who, like Earl Spencer, digs up family skeletons. Wisely, the public school "Mayfair men" who were flogged for robbery in 1939 are left unidentified; and the gaoling of a well-known living peer after a sensational trial is not mentioned, though some of his social activities are. However, the book fearlessly names the pop group who were fined for urinating against a wall.

Possibly one should have been seeking out social trends in these pages; the temptation is to keep one's nose down looking for titbits. There are times when £10 seems a steep price to pay for reading about David Niven straining his back and Lady Pamela Hicks winning three bars of soap in a tombola.

"A sort of salad of our salad days" is how Mary and Neville Ward describe their pictorial record *Home in the Twenties and Thirties* (128pp. Ian Allan. £6.95). The authors link developments in interior and exterior design with the social history of the period, describing British homes of all kinds—urban and rural, rich and poor, fashionable and drab. There are over 200 black-and-white photographs, cartoons and illustrations.

Icing the cake

By Gabriele Annan

RICHARD B. FISHER:

Syrie Maugham

78pp. Duckworth. £6.95.

How white was Syrie Maugham? That is the question at issue in this book. It is not a moral question. The author refuses to concern himself with whether her husband and his biographers blackened her character, or whether Evelyn Waugh's portrait of her as Mrs Beaver in *A Handful of Dust* is unfair as well as funny. He intends "a long-over due review of her work as an interior decorator". "Long-over due" is the spelling in the text, along with "bloge" and "Victor Steibel". "Dynatsy" makes a pretty variation, and with "forté" ("Wallpaper became one of Syrie's fortés") the proof reader has really let himself go.

Syrie Maugham's fame as a decorator rests on her discovery of white. White included everything along the scale from purest Persil white through cream, buff, oatmeal, to beige and fawn. But even within this broad definition she designed only one wholly white room, and it was her own. Judging from the photographs (it is a pity that only seven could be in colour) it is by far the most sympathetic piece of work she ever did.

She deserves credit for helping to let light and air into the stuffy Victorian-Edwardian interiors that persisted in England long after the First World War. "Interior design remained almost exclusively the bailiwick of the large London furniture stores, like Waring and Gillow", writes Mr Fisher, and he conjures up serried ranks of Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean and Queen Anne reproduction furniture lined up against dark mock-damask walls.

There had been earlier movements to modernize décor. But, like the Omega workshops, they had tended to be too amateurish in their output to gain acceptance by anyone not already dedicated to the cause. The Bauhaus style had not been allowed across the Channel or the Rhine for chauvinist reasons, says Mr Fisher; so modernism in England and France began after the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs in Paris in 1925; but—and this is an interesting observation—it was a reaction *against* the Art Deco style "which effectively died with the exhibition".

Syrie Maugham's heyday lasted from 1927 to 1937, and the chapter about it is called "Decorator to an Age". Decorator to a class would have been more apt, because her clients were café society almost to a woman (there were few men): Mrs Simpson, Mrs Whigham, Mrs Charles Sweeny, Mrs Paul Mellon, the Prince of Wales, and so on. Her style was theirs: Ritzy.

So far as one can tell from the illustrations, the only beautiful objects she commissioned were Marian Dorn's rugs tufted in geometrical patterns. She was far too fond of looking-glass, which looks splendid in a state room like the *salle des glaces* but flashy in a private house if there is a lot of it. She went in for bogus processes like *craquelure* and bogus conceptions like padded headboards inside rococo frames. Her walls sprouted white vaguely Regency or baroque plaster appliques, consoles, and pilasters, all looking as though they had been squeezed from tubes of Ammident. But what is unforgivable (perhaps she should be judged black rather than white or just grey after all) is the violence she did to antique objects. Pickling mahogany and fruitwood was one of her specialities, painting them was another. Her behaviour with oak was particularly sadistic: "you tore out the soft grain . . . with a wire brush, and filled it in with lime wax, which gave the fashionable grey tone".

How unlike her younger contemporary John Fowler with his respect for the donné of every house and object that came his way. At heart she was a chic philistine: she simply did not care for painting and tried to exclude pictures unless they were part of her colour scheme. No wonder most of her interiors look as though they were in flats even when they happened to be in houses. Indeed, it is in the hallways of West End mansion blocks that her style survives: huge glasses in white or cream baroque plaster frames over plaster console tables supporting arrangements of relentlessly matched flowers.

The author admires Mrs Maugham, but in spite of everything he says in her praise both her work and her personality sound beastly. All the same, this is a book very well worth having for anyone interested in the social history or the decorative style of the period. Mr Fisher puts his finger on a spot where they intersect when he describes the rise of the professional interior designer (as opposed to the architect or craftsman): "in addition to money and leisure, the essential prerequisite for people's interior decorator was people's inherent uncertainty about their own taste".

The inside story

By P. B. Medawar

JONATHAN MILLER:

The Body in Question

352pp. Cape. £7.95.

We feel better nowadays than we did a hundred years ago and we live much longer. This proposition might be discussed in three ways. It can be related to the improvement of personal medicine—of anything that may be the outcome of a consultation between a patient and a physician or surgeon—but although surgery had already scored many great successes, specific medical treatment did not begin until Gerhardt Domagk's introduction of sulphonamide drugs in the mid-1930s or thereabouts; Jonathan Miller is right to say that "Medicine did not make an effective contribution to human welfare until the middle of the twentieth century."

Alternatively, and more correctly, we can ascribe our longer and healthier lives to the legislation designed to improve public health: it is a matter above all else, of efficient drains, pure water, the notification of infectious disease and systems of quarantine, vaccination, and the like. Yet a history of medicine written to corroborate these judgments on the importance of public health might easily make dull reading; so conventional histories of medicine see medical history mainly as the story of the increasing efficacy of medical treatment, for it is under the heading of personal medicine that we shall read of penicillin and insulin, stereotactic brain surgery and all the other marvels of modern medicine. These are exciting stories, too, of the kind we like best because the stories chosen for retelling are those with happy endings. Stories of this kind also lend themselves specially well to the kind of hero worship in which medicine abounds.

Much more interesting than either a history of personal medicine or a history of the development of public health would be one that investigated the growth of our understanding of what the body is made of and how it works. Jonathan Miller could have written a history of any of these three kinds but fortunately he chose the third and has written a series of essays on the philosophy of discovery as it can be illustrated by examples taken from medical science. There is no "chronological trudge" here; on the contrary, Miller actively repudiates the notion that "medicine steadily groped its way towards enlightenment and efficiency, its progress punctuated by flashes of genius and cries of 'Eureka!'".

"To some extent I have had to put questions about the human body in order to ask further questions about the nature of human thought": one of Miller's purposes has been to show that discovery cannot merely grow out of a collation of the evidence delivered by the senses. It's a proposition all philosophically literate scientists would now agree with, although, as it happens, the illusion that a pure, innocent, and untutored observation enjoys a special validity lasted longer in medicine—particularly in anatomy—than in the experimental sciences because experimentalists are very well aware of the crucial importance of the *anticipatio naturae*—that preconception of what *might* be true out of which all research grows.

Miller's essay on the heart will illustrate his line of thought and his way of going about things. "How did the heart make its debut?", Miller asks, ". . . presumably when someone first opened the chest and found it there." But that would surely not have been enough. The various organs that constitute the insides do not declare themselves as anatomical entities, flag-labelled for the examiner like a student's exercise in dissection. Nor is it a question of choosing the right dissecting instruments; or of taking care and distinguishing irrelevant membranes from the organs they may conceal: "There is no such thing as 'taking care' in the abstract: care and caution are defined by the known risks one is trying to avoid, by knowing what would count as having gone wrong." The difficulty is well illustrated by the plight of the student looking down the microscope at a thin slice of tissue prepared by differential colourings for microscopic examination. "Why can't you draw what you see?" the demonstrator plaintively begs the student as he looks for the first time at a transverse section of, for example, the thyroid gland or the placenta. The demonstrator is not experienced enough to know and the student not yet confident enough to admit that he can't really see anything except a pattern of lines and colours in which the distinction of separate elements could only be arbitrary: but when he is told what he ought to see his first experience of microscopy can be a revelation.

But what about how the heart works and what it does? Galen was perfectly well aware of the mobility of blood and of its activities having something to do with both respiration and alimentation, but he missed the distinction between pulmonary and systemic circulations of blood. He lacked, as Harvey did not, a sufficient variety of mechanical models and the thesaurus of metaphors thrown up by the inventions and contrivances of our first Industrial Revolution. Miller pays the respect that is their due to the "dazzlingly simple" experiments by means of which Harvey corroborated his interpretation of the function of the heart and of the valves, and makes Harvey seem a much more human figure than that paradigm we read of in conventional histories of medicine.

Miller's philosophy of discovery might be described as Popperian but with Kuhnian reservations and footnotes. Let me draw another Popperian lesson from the circulatory system. Popper is well known to shun the view that any scientific theory ever achieves an apodictic certainty, but can we not say of the theory that the blood circulates and—with the connivance of valves—the heart pumps blood round the body that it is quite certainly true and now beyond the reach of reasonable criticism? It is true all right, but it is a half-truth only: ordinary bodily movements, particularly muscular contractions in the limbs, play a most important part in returning venous blood heartwards and the valves ensure that when a vein has been squeezed the blood can move only in the direction of the heart. This muscular massage is the only motive force for the circulation of lymph, the fluid content of the other great vascular system of the body—the lymph vascular system. We are not surprised, then, to find that valves are even more numerous in lymph veins than in blood veins. But these are only so many footnotes to Harvey's great theory.

Thinking no doubt of the importance of the pump as a "conjectural model" of the working of the heart Miller quotes an admirable *mot* by an American scientist who "once said that the steam engine had given more to science than science had given to the steam engine". The unnamed spokesman was almost certainly thinking of the concept of entropy and of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, among the most important products of pithead and engine shop. "The same applies", Miller continues, ". . . to telephone exchanges, automatic gun turrets, ballistic missiles and computers". There is no doubting the indebtedness of biologists to the telephone and the communications engineering that grew directly out of its use: embryologists and geneticists would feel lost without the metaphory of information transfer, storage and retrieval.

The idea that conceptual models can promote observation and interpretation would carry special weight if it could be shown that under certain circumstances they impeded both. One of the most interesting passages in Miller's chapter on the heart is the one in which he shows how misconceptions of the heart's function lead to a complete misinterpretation of the anatomy of the septum that separates the two ventricles.

Miller's book is written in association with a long and arresting series of television programmes bearing the same title as his book but only the first chapter has the air of a relaxed causerie. It is the chapter that has to do with the psychology of self-recognition, and with the mapping of bodily parts and faculties on to the brain. More than any other this chapter reveals the range and variety of the author's skills: those of a physician (especially a neurologist), a comparative anatomist and a philosopher—and no chapter shows better Miller's knowledge and wit in his choice of illustrations. His relaxed style tempts him at least once, however, to write unguardedly. In discussing problems to do with referring sensations such as pain, hunger and thirst to particular parts of the body and in dismissing the idea that thirst has anything primarily to do with having a dry mouth, Miller describes the following as "a very elegant experiment": "if the gullet of a dog is taken out through its neck and the dog is made thirsty, it will continue to gulp water incessantly for twenty-four hours. It never relieves its thirst." I don't think this is an elegant experiment at all: it is of the kind that brings experimental medicine into discredit. Many people will feel that the information it yields is not worth buying at such a price. I feel sure I could have done better.

As to the problem of the localization of experience I should have been amused—and doubtless instructed—to hear some comment from Miller on what people mean by saying that in spite of particular complaints they feel "very well in themselves". Among the various allotropes of Jonathan Miller cited above, we must number also the entertainer and wit: Miller is exceedingly amusing about the awe in which the French hold the liver and about our English preoccupation with the peristaltic movements of that perfidious organ the colon.

His text is distinguished by innumerable felicities of thought or expression, nearly all of which embody his philosophy in one form or another: for instance, "camouflage is a biological mechanism for shifting the perceptual odds in favour of an alternative visual interpretation". Or, apropos of healing:

> A successful healer must identify himself with some principle which is popularly accepted as an authentic basis of medical control. He must persuade people that his methods exemplify something which they are predisposed to regard as medically effective. This applies as much to the clients of a faith-healer as it does to the patients who visit a modern cardiologist.

Or, to take a third example, his insight into the reason bizarre monsters and imaginary beings figure so prominently in early treatises on natural history and especially travellers' tales: it is, he says, because such creatures could be imagined—"as if the mere fact that they could be imagined were a guarantee of their probable existence". Reports of congenital abnormalities were, however, infrequent and quite inadequate: "the monotonous regularity of examples such as harelip and spina bifida could easily escape notice for the simple reason that they are not the sort of deformities which could be spontaneously imagined".

Miller's writing on generation took my thoughts back to William Harvey. In the *Proceedings of the Physiological Society*, July 14/15, 1978, Richard Keynes has called attention to it as an example of the inefficacy of mere observation that in spite of Harvey's "almost faultless" observations and dissections he had no idea at all of the participation in reproduction of the organs we now call the ovaries.

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Obsessed with death

By Rachel Trickett

OLIVIA MANNING:
The Battle Lost and Won
185pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.95.

The second volume of Olivia Manning's Levant Trilogy displays all her impressive talent. The writing is spare, witty and dry; the characterization so precise and so discreet you are hardly aware of the skill. This is naturalism deployed with a high degree of art. Miss Manning catches the essential feeling of place and action, and has succeeded brilliantly in the unusual feat for a woman of describing war. The battle scenes, for various reasons, are among the best in the book. Miss Manning's readers are prepared for her skill in conducting her cast through a series of comic manoeuvres in exotic but seedy surroundings, and the Cairo sequences in this novel are convincing and entertaining, though they lack the clarity of mood and vividness of feeling of the desert war scenes. This must be intentional, for Olivia Manning looks at Alamein through the eyes of a young man to whom fighting is exhilaration, and the companionship of his men a more genuine form of love than marriage to the forgotten wife at home, or mild desire for a glamour girl glimpsed on leave.

The rusting tanks and machinery, the sand-choked depots, moon-rise and sun-rise over the desert, the few identified soldiers, the series of significant and insignificant deaths: everything here, though described with the author's characteristic understatement, is more intense, more emotionally charged than the scenes and the people behind the lines. Drawing to themselves the reader's imagination, these chapters succeed while robbing the remainder of the book of some necessary vitality. The civilian characters, many familiar from Olivia Manning's earlier novels, do not quite stand up to the competition of the young naif, Simon Boulderstone—the one character in the book capable of real emotion.

The opening section is brilliant in its technical skill. Simon Boulderstone has just heard of his brother Hugo's death and is struck with simple, immediate grief. He tries to conquer it—or share it—by going to find Hugo's girl, Edwina, in Cairo, only to discover that she is wholly absorbed in the pursuit of Peter Lisdoonvarna, a colonel who is later instrumental in having Simon promoted to liaison officer as a result of this brief meeting. Boulderstone is carried off by Edwina's flat-mates, Harriet Pringle and Angela Hooper, to the Officers' Club where Angela is conducting an affair with Bill Castlebar, a decayed teacher-poet. The evening of the day of Hugo's death ends with a visit to the Berka and the entertainment of a public copulation—a public humiliation it seems to Simon, as indeed to the wretched youth who takes part in it for money, and turns out to be one of Castlebar's Egyptian pupils. The mood is of anti-climax and mortification. Still, the day of Hugo's death is over: "Simon . . . felt himself delivered from the day that had passed. No other day, ever, at any time, could be as black as that day had been."

So the tone of the novel is set. But Simon's capacity to experience grief is not shared by any of the other characters. Olivia Manning extracts wry amusement from Edwina's passion for the Irish colonel who is merely playing around with her, and from Angela's infatuation with the ludicrously unattractive Castlebar. In the first case the instinct is predatory and mercenary; in the second it is suggested that Angela Hooper's perverse liaison has some connection with the tragic death of her child. There is some sympathy for Edwina when she loses Lisdoonvarna, but the return of Castlebar's enormous wife, Mona, is comic enough to balance Angela's distress at his loss. In the final twist Angela, having declared that she has really got over her infatuation, carries off her feeble lover in triumph, leaving her friend Harriet deserted by her for the second time.

It is Harriet Pringle who is the problem of the book. Though not the narrator, she is the centre of consciousness in the civilian scenes, and she is familiar to us from the earlier novels. We are told that her marriage with Guy is under strain, but Guy himself has a tenuous existence in this novel. It is a blessed and nowadays unusual relief not to have to follow the pair through every passage in the marriage bed, but hard to believe in their connection at all when they are not allowed any physical contact, not even a public embrace, throughout the novel. An odd aspect of *The Battle Lost and Won* is its uniform association of sexual love with the comic, the mercenary or the sordid.

The book is obsessed with death. In the most impressive scene outside the desert war sequences, Harriet, on her solitary stay in plague-stricken Luxor, meets Aidan Sheridan, an old friend. He describes to her his experience as a survivor in a dinghy where all the children saved from a torpedo attack perish one by one. It has left him for the rest of his time more dead than alive. In a sense, all the civilian characters seem to have suffered some spiritual deadening. Guy Pringle has dwindled to a scarcely credible automaton, his busy charm for everyone but his wife now wholly unapparent. The comic butt of the earlier books, Pinkrose, is destined to die in a somewhat less than convincing farcical scene at a public lecture. Harriet's mysterious illness and lassitude in the American hospital where she finally agrees to Guy's plan for her to leave for England form a languid background to the incidents that involve her friends. But at the end of the book she turns her back on the women and children heading for the Queen of Sparta and home, to take off for the Levant with Mortimer, the voluntary girl-driver of the first chapter: an intimation perhaps that the next volume will offer a more positive fate for her, an injection of life.

The prevailing negative mood of *The Battle Lost and Won* makes its deliberately small-scale figures seem less alive than they have done in her previous novels. It is as if a cast of minor characters were assembled waiting for the leads to appear. Perhaps we are meant to have precisely this sense of anti-climax. But the greater vitality of Simon and the soldiers, Ridley who "had to love something" and the inarticulate driver Crosbie whom Simon loves for the same reason, gives the lie to some of the novel's intimations of cynicism. What Miss Manning is saying isn't, to me, at this moment, entirely clear: what is clear is the imaginative skill with which she has created the prevalent mood, in landscape, in action, in dialogue. The book's intentional lassitude reflects no lack of vitality in the author. Those readers who find *The Battle Lost and Won* less sustainedly comic, more moving but in some ways more frustrating than her earlier work, will wait eagerly for its sequel.

Colette at fifteen: from Belles Saisons, *an elegantly presented and skilfully devised scrapbook of photographs and drawings of Colette, assembled and with a commentary by Robert Phelps (303pp. Secker and Warburg. £8.50).*

Late entries

By Robert Morley

CHRISTOPHER MATTHEW:
Diary of a Somebody
165pp. Hutchinson. £3.95.

Diary of a Somebody is dedicated to no less a personage than myself. Purists might argue that this should debar me from reviewing it but we live, do we not, in an age of jobs for the boys and this is what the book is all about.

Six thirty in the evening is a melancholy hour in any large city and especially London. The commuters who only that morning were late for the office are now late home for supper with the family, the cars are bumper to bumper yet between them squeeze young men and women clutching their laundry in polythene bags, their comestibles from the unfriendly neighbourhood mini market, and sometimes a bottle of beer or a litre of wine grasped in a hand upraised to press the redundant traffic button. The middle young are also on their way home from work. No one, as Wilde wrote, can ever be certain of the afterlife or the end of the Cromwell Road. This book records what happens when the key comes out of the front door lock, the time switch is activated on the landings, the stairs climbed and yet another door closes on our diarist Simon Crisp.

There is nothing of the Grossmiths in Mr Pooter but there is a good deal of Christopher Matthew in Crisp and the book is none the worse for that. There was a time when "a chain in the house" almost necessitated a copy of the Grossmiths within comfortable reach. Mr Matthew cannot hope for a like success, so much less time is now spent in the bathroom, but he deserves his place surely on the bedside table. As his hero remarks on Page 1, while perfectly understanding that Crisp is not a household name, there is no reason why the places he goes to and the people he meets should be any less interesting on that account; and although thirty-five may seem late in life to start keeping a diary Margaret Rutherford did not set foot on the stage until she was over thirty, and Milton waited until he was an old man before starting on *Paradise Lost*. Nor is he too discouraged when he discovers how impossible it is to buy a diary early in September except those designed for the following year. As he points out to the lady in Smith's, not everyone's year begins on January 1. Take the Persians, for instance, of which there are a good many now resident in the city. The sooner they were catered for in this respect the better it would be for our chances of cheap petrol. As far as I know they don't keep diaries, the lady retorts. That makes two of you, Crisp tells her and leaves. If he never exactly wins an argument he usually gets away while it is still continuing.

His flatmates Victoria and Jane eventually become just that but the relationship is seldom satisfactory and there is little love lost between him and the fourth partner, the dreadful Beddoes, who is constantly bringing home nubile captives to stay the night and finish the breakfast cereal before Crisp is awake. Mr Beddoes's success with women amazes and infuriates Crisp and he records an occasion when finding himself alone with Marie-France, the Oiseau of the moment, he attempts a little polite small talk. "Bonsoir", he asks, "Comment ça va?" Mademoiselle France looks up from *Paris-Matin*, shrugs and goes on reading. "J'aime beaucoup le France", he volunteers, giving, as he notes, "a particularly authentic roll of the 'r'".

> She looked up again, frowned and said, "Huh?"
>
> I said: "Je disais que j'aime le France."
>
> She continued to stare at me in blank incomprehension, and then suddenly her face lit up. "Ah", she exclaimed. "Vous aimez *la* France."
>
> I am not surprised that Beddoes never speaks to her if this is what he has to go through every time he opens his mouth. It is certainly the last time I shall try. My doubts about the Common Market increase daily.

Crisp's doubts on any subject are seldom far below the surface.

Embarking on a demonstration drive in the car he may wish to purchase, he begins to fear he is the victim of a plot to kidnap him. "Any day now", he tells himself, "a ransom note made up of words cut out of newspapers would arrive on my mother's breakfast table in Kent demanding a vast sum for my safe return."

> "I was hoping to borrow the money for the car from my mother", I said casually, "but she is even poorer than I am."
>
> "Oh", said Pork Pie, "we're not asking all that much."
>
> How much then, I wondered . . . how humiliating if mother refused to pay.

It then occurs to him that the drive is just an excuse to get him out of the way while the rest of the gang did the flat.

> I decided to get out while the going was good, so I told Pork Pie that if it was all the same to him, I'd get out there, since I could do with a walk.
>
> "Yes" [said Pork Pie], "off a short pier preferably."

He never does get the new car, any more than he succeeds in breaking into the television world although he comes very near it when all but engaged to play the part of a young man about town transported to Scotland with a minimum supply of modern aids to see how well he would succeed, looking after himself, building a hut, hunting for food, etc. He decides on a trial run at his mother's and finally succeeds in distracting her attention away from the cat to give her his news. "All she said was: 'That's nice, dear. Perhaps you'll be asked on "Any Questions" and meet Edward Du Cann.'" In the event his vigil is interrupted by her insistence on dismantling the camp in search of the cat's blanket without which it refuses to settle. Nothing ever quite works for Crisp but his belief that it won't be long before he can settle down with a girl of his own and not have to borrow other people's remains steadfast and at the end he falls for the chairman's daughter and is borrowed in turn by the chairman's wife. If you like a Cinderella story this is the one for you and in any event it is the perfect Christmas present if you are still young enough to have an aunt in the country who keeps asking what it's like dear to live on your own in the wicked city? It may shock her but that's a risk aunts must run these days.

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Under Sukarno's shadow

By Anthony Burgess

C. J. KOCH:
The Year of Living Dangerously
296pp. Michael Joseph. £4.95.

C. J. Koch's novel has various claims on our attention. In the first place it is an Australian novel, and it is dangerous to ignore the writers of that lavish, wilful land. Some very interesting things (Bill Reed's post-Joycean *Dogod*, for example) are not travelling beyond Sydney. Mr Koch has got through the net and this novel, his third, is a very fine example of what Australian fiction can do. It is intelligent, compassionate, flavoursome, convincing, and well constructed. It is not about Sarsaparilla country or the outback. It is about Indonesia during Sukarno's final year.

Mochta Lubis's *Twilight in Jakarta* earned its author a jail sentence. *The Year of Living Dangerously* (Sukarno's own loudly proclaimed name for the year he did not yet know was to be his last in power) seems to be as authentic a picture of a sick city and a despicable regime. Mr Koch carried out a mission in Indonesia for Unesco. His characters are journalists long-established in Jakarta; they have Mr Koch's intimate knowledge of the ambages of the sordid, hostile, bankrupt capital and their Bahnsa (or Indonesian Malay) is as exact as his. They huddle in the safety of the Wayang Bar, venturing out occasionally for an insolent presidential press conference or to visit the whores who haunt the Cemetery. White men are reviled as NEKOLIM—neo-colonial imperialists. It is the time of *Konfrontasi*, with Malaysia threatened and Bung Karno courting Peking:

> What *Konfrontasi* meant for us *Nekolim* in the Wayang Bar was life under a regime whose hatred for all Westerners had reached the dimension of insanity. We carried our white faces through the streets like ridiculous badges, ignoring insults and jeers and malevolent brown-eyed stares that had the intensity of religious fervour. . . .

The central story concerns Guy Hamilton, Singapore-English with an Australian passport, radio journalist and new boy in Jakarta, and his complicated relationship with Billy Kwan, Australian Chinese cinema cameraman and dwarf. The East is full of weird mixed personages, unsure of their racial and cultural allegiances, polyglot, half-sane brains crammed with a weird variety of information, their obsessions as intense and capricious as a blowtorch in a child's hand, frantically loyal and as frantically treacherous. In Billy Kwan Mr Koch has created one of the most memorable characters of recent fiction, incredibly eccentric by the standards of Western agonistology but all too convincing in the twilight Jakarta. An English girl, Jill, comes into it, and Kwan is her undemanding protector in a world of drooling pawers. Jill and Hamilton fall in love, and Kwan's response is, inevitably, very complicated—part envy, part vicarious fulfilment. Jill, who works for the British military attaché, has a military secret; Hamilton learns it; Hamilton is pursued by a Russian lady. Filleted like this, the plot sounds conventional enough, but most plots do. The book as a whole has no whiff of the conventional.

For the dwarf Kwan has a quasi-mystical belief that the Indonesian struggle is a kind of *wayang* representing a timeless conflict between the light and the dark. But it is not a clear-cut conflict: Wang sees Sukarno as possessing some of the attributes of a saviour: at the end, as is to be expected, he tries to assassinate him and is himself killed. The strength and originality of the novel lie in the subtle interweaving of the play, the *wayang*, and the reality. Sukarno, we learn, would present variants of the *wayang* to his ministers, their fall from grace hideously prefigured on the lamplit screen. He is himself the *wayang* master, the reality of his rule either augmented or reduced to a nightlong drama of light against dark, and no one sure which is which.

The distinction of this novel, then, lies in its author's capacity to make an exactly caught phase of history symbolic of a larger reality. But on the simple documentary plane the book works extremely well. There are the smells of nutmeg, urine, and human rage and hopelessness. There is also history, with the shoddy pretentiousness of Sukarno's metaphysical capital imposed on Dutch Batavia, the canals when wet public lavatories, when dry arteries of an under-city made of rusting cans and cardboard. And there are the Jakartans themselves, starved but fed full with the visions of Bung (or Big Brother) Karno. This book is to be prized as a rare fictional record of a bad phase of Oriental history driven out of the world's mind by Vietnam.

Black gothic

By Harold Beaver

TONI MORRISON:
Song of Solomon
337pp. Chatto and Windus. £5.95.

Toni Morrison's third novel comes garlanded with praise. *Song of Solomon* has been compared with those two black best-sellers, *Invisible Man* (1952) and *Roots* (1976). This in itself prompts caution. For Ralph Ellison's and Alex Haley's fictions were published a quarter of a century apart; and whereas the first aspired to the high art of Melville and Dostoevsky, the second from the start seemed destined for commercial exploitation as a kind of *Gone with the Wind* or *Forsyte Saga* of "the black experience". Is *Song of Solomon* a biblical extravaganza or a contribution to the black apocrypha?

That phrase, "the black experience", used even by the British publisher, should serve as a *caveat emptor*. For it suggests that only blacks can ultimately plumb the contextual relevances of such fiction. But is black art solely a mirror for blacks? Critical apartheid is unhealthy. It is form that makes all experience available; and all writers have to confront the formal constraints of style and convention. This involves a wide variety of disciplines, but little that is predetermined by black or white experience.

Song of Solomon, though curiously static as narrative, purports to run from the 1930s to the 1960s. Patches of dialogue and dramatic scenes signal a particular range of experience centred on a black community in Michigan. But the form compounds the most notably Gothic features of nineteenth-century romance. So the cultural question yet again recurs. Why are black intellectuals so often drawn to the likes of Melville and Hawthorne? Why is "Negro Gothic" so ideally suited to the purposes of recent black fiction?

Song of Solomon succumbs utterly to the rhetoric of antagonism and isolation, magic rites and quests. The Romantic vision of the sundered self, the passionate search for a personal identity in despite of social morality, can be translated all too readily, it seems, into racial terms. But with it a confusing number of clichés from the prop box tumble pell-mell into the text: visits to cemeteries, all sorts of ju-ju, fertility charms, family feuds, secret brotherhoods, buried gold; corpses in caves, fathers' bones floating up out of graves and so on.

Stripped of blackface, this is the tale of Macon Dead Jr, son of a wealthy property owner, and his neighbourhood chum, who eventually becomes a terrorist. But Macon is less concerned with the tyranny of society than with that of his skinflint, possessive father. His quest moves south to Pennsylvania and Virginia as he is lured by tales of hidden treasure to uncover the mysteries of his rural background and mixed-blood Indian grandmother. The pull is back to the slave past. But the fiction itself is presented like an etymological myth whose wayward names—Aunt Pilate with her single ear-ring, her daughters Reba and First Corinthians, the protagonist Milkman, living on Not Doctor Street, and his buddy Guitar—in the end unravel the whole crazy family history.

"When you know your name, you should hang on to it", Milkman ponders, "for unless it is noted down and remembered, it will die when you do." He is a Tom Sawyer in blackface, fighting his baffled way to the land of ghosts. But far from elemental, the effect is freakish, full of verbal gestures and fabricated horrors.

Little lives

By John Ryle

A. D. MACLEAN (Editor):
Winter's Tales 24
216pp. Macmillan. £4.95.

Everybody would like to be in a play; everybody would like to be in a novel. But would you be happy in a short story? Suppose you were the man whose tale is told by Rayner Heppenstall in "The Misfortunes of Ambrose Gwinnett". Gwinnett is collared by some copy-hungry journalist in the 1760s and his autobiography appears in broadsheets with the likes of Alexander Selkirk and Jonathan Wilde. But unlike these adventurers, he has no hand in the birth of the novel: he has to wait two hundred years for Mr Heppenstall to describe in a dozen pages how he might have put him on the stage, a tricky enterprise since long stretches of his life have been spent in prison or at sea. He is no longer quite himself by Mr Heppenstall's final scene: "Arnold Gwinnett dying on straw (one-legged). His last narration would be delirious." It is possible that his whole life is the invention of the journalist he spoke to once in a coffee-house. In the fraught passage between Gwinnett's tall tales and this short story, his life has become the small change of a Borgesian return to the roots of realism; he has just not made it to the big genres.

In these *Winter's Tales*, short stories are for small-scale characters in whose still lives there is one quick moment. In some of them this moment is a love affair; in others a revealing incident; in one it is the single act of choice in a life entirely determined by others. The short story as represented here is a place where life stories still get told, but only in order that their rare illuminating moments be put in perspective: we do not expect a sequel.

Authors must choose carefully what they strive to bring to life. Shirley Hazzard's "A Crush on Doctor Dance" is an artfully fractured account of a middle-aged woman's brief flight into love. A less successful medical romance is Brian Glanville's "Noblesse Oblige", the unlikely story of the permanent flight of a patient and a "Nightingalesque" matron from a TB sanatorium. Francis King likes to show how twisted respectable people really are and in his story of a flasher and a schoolgirl the irate father who shoots the exhibitionist in Holland Park has nasty thoughts about his stepson. David Paul's "A Balance of Nature", on the other hand, seems to be trying to show how ordinary ordinary people really are behind their deceptive façade of ordinariness. He succeeds.

Once in a while you wish a short story would go on longer: this is the case with Thomas Disch's disappointingly curtailed fable "The Man Who Had No Idea". In Disch's future world there are no garrulous old sailors in coffee bars because such leisure activities require an official conversation licence. Disch's hero is no Scheherezade and experiences great difficulty in acquiring the necessary skills. Like Heppenstall's and unlike the others, "The Man Who Had No Idea" is an ingenious story about story-telling that relies for its effect on sardony rather than pathos. Macmillan do not stick to their own authors for these selections, nor to previously unpublished material and it is not too much to expect that the rest of the contents should be better.

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Beyond responsibility

By D. J. Enright

ARTHUR YAP :
Commonplace
80pp. Singapore : Heinemann Educational (distributed by Tinga Tinga, c/o Bob Markham, Kingswood, Tadworth, Surrey). £1.45.

Poetry has been written in English in Singapore and Malaysia for a long time, probably ever since Raffles. But with the coming of university education in the early 1950s and, later, the advent of independence, the activity took on new dimensions : deliberation set in, and hence theory. Though basically English in its language, poetry was to be *something other than British*, a *desideration at first pursued through the generous application of local colour*, either in specific references (fruit, flora, festivals) or in idiom. Thus in Singapore arose the shibboleth ENG-MALCHIN, which signified the linguistic blending in some weird way of English with Malay and Chinese. A corresponding excogitation in music, more easily implemented, led to potpourri compositions reminiscent of the soundtrack to a B-feature film set in some never-never Orient.

Later on, under government by the People's Action Party, the stress moved to function : what, in a new nation, was poetry meant to do? Obviously it was meant to help build—not to lurk in ivory towers left behind by the British, but to foster national consciousness, to weld disparate strands—Indian as well as Eng and Mal and Chin—into a shared "identity". There was, however, a catch here. Always a stern rather than a fond parent, the government would trust no one but themselves to do the building, and self-appointed helpers tended to find themselves in hot water. Such respect for the written word, the *English* word at that !—it should be a lesson to us all. Except that the word almost died under the strain. As was demonstrated in 1962 by a Writers' Conference, packed with earnest papers on social ends and literary means (one of which, happily carried no further, was a proposal to ban foreign books as an inducement to the birth of a local literature), but devoid of actual poems or stories, and virtually empty of actual writers.

For the catch was a Catch-22 : if you were "non-political", you were effete ; if you were "political", you were exposed to the heavy hand of correction. Theory was not only easier than poetry, it was safer too. Nevertheless a handful of young poets went forward, blessedly obscure, or at least inexplicit, and readily ignorable. And it looks as if poetry will yet break through the theory barrier, the more surely as Singapore and (rather less briskly) Malaysia become "nations", or at any rate economically feasible and, in one way or another, politically stable units, and hence the fearful responsibility of writing "responsibly" dwindles.

In his second collection, Arthur Yap already manifests the naturalness—something, as Keats observed, to be distinguished from facility—*which has been lacking in the past. In his foreword, Ee Tiang Hong*, a Malaysian poet who was once officially reprimanded for describing Malacca as "Sleepy Hollow", remarks that Yap's poem "letter from a youth to his prospective employer" may remind us of the petition submitted by the traditional Chinese poet-scholar who has failed to gain government favour. But, he adds, it would be wrong to read the poem as a deliberate attempt to weave different cultural patterns together.

sir : i refer to my interview & your salary offer :
you said i would be given a commensurate salary :
commensurate with what ? the depth of the filing
cabinet or the old bag sitting 3 desks & one right-
hand corner away ? i am reasonably qualified :
quite handsome : my lack of experience compensated
by my prodigal intelligence : i shall not expect
to marry the typewriter : it's decision-making
i am after : that's what i am : a leader of tomorrow :
so why don't you make it today ? . . . so take me
to your highest superior : & spare nothing :
at my earliest convenience : yours faithfully

Yap is not for ever looking nervously over his shoulder. Possibly he is helped in this relaxedness—his manner itself is by no means flaccid, but rather chilly and, if not sour, then sweet-and-sour—by being also a painter, and of the sort of paintings which are distinctly disinclined to tell a story. In contrast, the poems are at their best when, with a few sharp strokes, they outline an anecdote. "An afternoon nap", where the poet appears only in the passing irony of the title, begins :

the ambitious mother across the road
is at it again. proclaiming his goodness
she beats the boy, shouting out his wrongs, with raps
she begins with his mediocre report-book grades.

We hear of the boy's private lessons from Miss Low (piano) and Madam Lim (second-language tuition), which leave him with little pocket money. Finally,

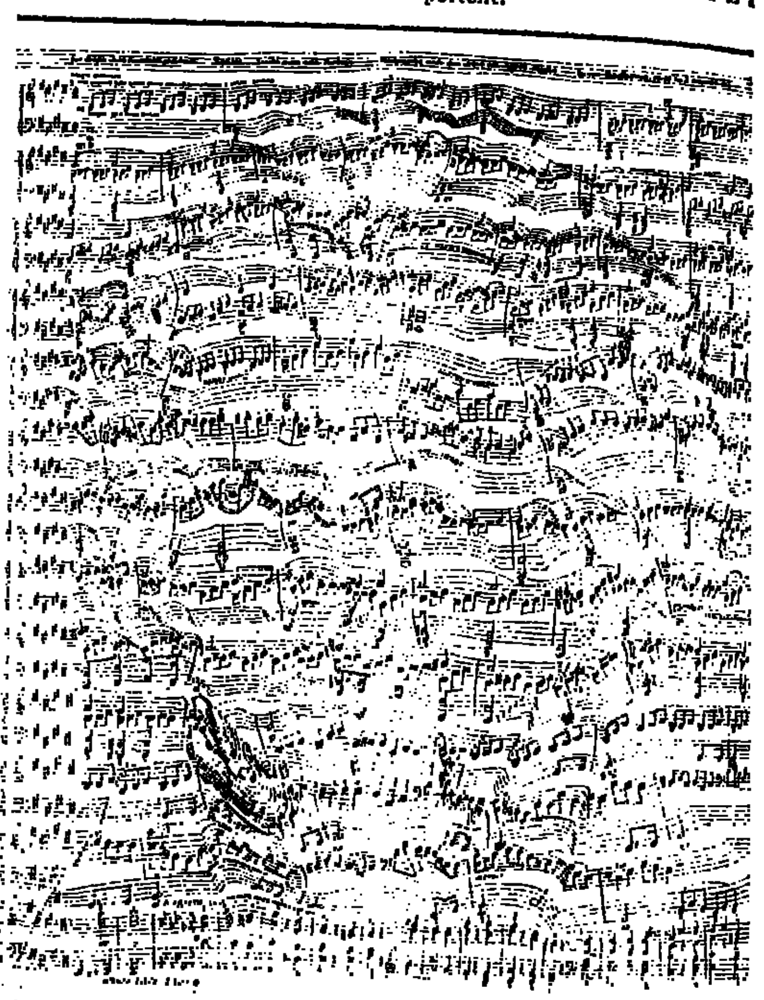
the embittered boy across the road
is at it again, proclaiming his bewilderment
he yells at her, *shouting* out her *wrongs*, with tears
he begins with her expensive taste for education.

The poem is in pure English—besides a Singapore BA in English literature, Yap has an MA from Leeds in Linguistics and English Language Teaching—but it couldn't be a British poem. (What, learn *two* languages !) Nor could "everything's coming up numbers" be. Here a sophisticated cosmopolitan intelligence is applied to a local (yet not impossibly exotic) scene : the Chinese (except presumably on the mainland where their strong sense of humour seems to have vanished as well) are compulsive gamblers, taking tips wherever they may be found, in a dream, at the scene of a nasty accident. . . . The word *mah-piew-poh* refers to the evening paper that prints lottery results.

the death of the prime minister of china
left a wake of sorrow & a flock of numbers ;
the death of the prime minister of malaysia
left a similar sorrow & a different set of numbers.
. . .
some bargirl's suicide. the old tree at the cemetery.
the wrecked mazda, the doubled-up honda,
their number-plates are shown in the papers clearly.
the little boy weaving between cars at the junction,
his mah-piew-poh may inform of remuneration.
everything's coming up numbers :
an old shoe with the manufacturer's code,
a child's first word at 2.30, wed., the 14th,
a film star's number of stab wounds.
somewhere, someone, so many times, what ;
what, where, somehow, who says so ;
what figures, where, add which, whom,
you saw what time, how many, good or not

Paradoxically, but not surprisingly, Yap conveys a stronger sense of place and time, without intending any such programme, than did the brave old exponents of ENG-MALCHIN and other local produce. He sees more plainly because he is not squinting for utilizable significance, and we take in what he shows the more readily in that his verse has no palpable design upon us.

In a land which has turned from a swamp into a colony of mixed immigrants, from an *entrepôt* into a strenuous self-conscious new nation ("the Israel of South-east Asia"), this hardheaded innocence is not easily come by. It is worth our attention, both in itself and as a portent.



Bayard's musical "Portrait de Beethoven", exhibited at The Hague in 1973 and reproduced in du Calligramme, by Jérôme Peignot (128pp. Paris: Chene). Beethoven's face, adumbrated by the liquid deformation and bunched contour-line eddies of the staves, rises to the printed surface of the Moonlight Sonata. It was Guillaume Apollinaire who first proclaimed the "visual lyricism" of typographical artifice—"moi aussi je suis peintre". Among the authors represented are Lewis Carroll, E. E. Cummings and Dylan Thomas. But Peignot finds his earliest example of a calligramme in a Minoan "Disc of Phaestos", c 2000 BC.

The Aboriginal Eros

By Rodney Needham

RONALD M. BERNDT :
Love Songs of Arnhem Land
264pp. University of Chicago Press. £12.25.

Mirigin nangål . . . . gwaljumngin gidilaiun,
mirigin djalwaljul wadarwul milju ganidjumun
bili durbu-wogal . . .

When we are told that this is song-poetry and that it is hauntingly beautiful, by what measures can we respond to it? If its traditional imagery is said to create a special and unique atmosphere, by what means can we apperceive the images or become persuaded that we have rightly sensed the atmosphere? As the lines are presented (and already, to us, they are *lines*), they are impenetrable, lacking music and rhythm and sense. Moreover, in that they are characterized as poetry, we cannot but be reminded of the tag that poetry is what is lost in translation. And if translation in any case demands common points of reference, what can we presume ourselves to have in common—perceptually, aesthetically, psychologically—with Aborigines in the coastal regions of the north-eastern tip of the Northern Territory of Australia?

A conventional recourse is to approach the texts through an interlinear rendition in which the individual vernacular locutions are literally translated into (in the present instance) English words and phrases. This does not yield a translation in the sense of a significant interpretation, since the English is not English but is in something resembling the word-order of the vernacular. Thus the lines above are rendered as :

Breasts saw . . . make it move hands
breasts cold wind wind with eye wink[5]
because buttocks move[6] . . .

Note 5 specifies that girls are winking their eyes at men in order to attract them ; note 6 rephrases the translation as "buttocks play" and explains that girls undulate their buttocks to attract lovers. This make-shift preliminary procedure, with its minor glosses, does not lead us at all far towards a poetic appreciation. To get closer to the descriptive sense alone we have to rely crucially on the translator, who concludes the exercise by composing the English lines :

We saw their breasts, and their hands moving . . .
Their breasts in the cold west wind,
as they flutter their eyes at the men :
Swaying their buttocks. . . .

The wind is cold, we learn from an incidental gloss, because there has been a storm ; the girls belong to islands in the west ; they are making string figures, and the action causes their breasts to move seductively ; a woman conveys to a man, by the way she looks at him, that she is willing to meet him later among the cabbage palms.

Up to this point there has not been much in the way of the kind of metaphorical allusion that ordinarily marks poetry. Women's tremulant breasts, their fluttering glances, and the provocative wiggle of their bottoms (traditionally, too, these women of Arnhem Land went naked) provide, to a certain pitch at any rate, universal points of common reference which call for no recondite commentary. But where is the romantic allusion in cabbage palms? Lines further on in the song are more explicit :

Lightning flashes through the clouds, flash of the Lightning Snake . . .
Its blinding flash lights up the cabbage palm foliage. . . .
Gleams on the cabbage palms, and on the shining semen among the leaves. . . .

Girls meet their lovers in the concealment of the cabbage palm foliage : the reference to be picked up is something like that of the back seat of an automobile in the recollections of a Californian housewife. But there is much more. The flash from the Lightning Snake is assimilated to an ejaculation ; the cabbage palm is ritually associated with the snake. More radically, what is at issue is a sequence of events, each calling for explication : "coitus among the palms ; the onset of the menstrual flow ; the attraction of the clouds ; the arrival of the Lightning Snake, drawn by the smell of the blood ; and finally the coming of the monsoonal season."

This is a fairly typical example, if at first unusually simple in appearance, of the work of cultural translation that is undertaken in *Love Songs of Arnhem Land*. The translator, Ronald M. Berndt, is (with his wife Catherine Helen, to whom the volume is dedicated) one of the great ethnographers of Australia, so that the reader is assured of reliable detail and conscientious interpretation.

The book is divided into two parts : the first gives a general perspective on Aboriginal sexuality ; the second consists of the "song cycles" of Goulburn Island and Rose River and the Djarada, together with chapters of commentary and analysis. The vernacular texts are reproduced in three appendices with interlinear translations. The photographic plates show a hut, some love-magic figures, and a set of modern Aboriginal drawings of domestic scenes and modes of coitus. Regrettably there are no photographs of the people nor of the foliage of the cabbage palms.

The field research on which the account is based was carried out in 1946-47 and the original version of the book was assembled early in the 1950s, but the author withdrew it from publication because he was "not sure that its frankness and its erotic content would be appreciated by non-Aboriginal readers".

Times changed, and so did literary latitude. The book, reorganized, was published in Australia in 1976. Against the background of an accelerating demise of Aboriginal civilization (the songs as recorded are effectively lost), this publication of what to the Aborigines themselves must have been of central importance in life is a most praiseworthy achievement.

On more academic scores there are naturally, some dubitable points. The author himself considers the senses in which the songs can well be said to deal with "love", but hardly to convincing effect. Certainly the blunt and often obscene brevities of the Djarada have little to do with that poignant commitment. Take Song 17 : "Oh, the girl's urine and faeces !" This refers to a man leaving camp in search of the place where the girl he desires has defecated ; finding it, he sings this little song while jiggling a stick up and down in the excrement to signify coition. (Love ! his affections do not that way tend.) Even the longer cycles, which can be accorded a more "poetic" form, lay insistent and repetitive stress on long penises and dribbling semen and blood running down from young girls as from a speared kangaroo.

On other categorical counts, the weighty words "sacred" and "religion" are often pressed into service in the commentaries, but without clear justification. The author does indeed bring out mythical resonances from some passages (cf the Lightning Snake), but these do not confer on organic and often brutal eroticisms anything of the reflective and reverent submission that in our tradition is connoted by the religious. Analytically, also, it is hard to see what reliable comprehension of the songs is to be gained by way of the severe-looking diagrams in which he presents "profiles" (more like Venn diagrams seen through meteorological disturbances) of the two main song cycles, let alone the quasi-hermeneutic triangular depiction of "The Three Faces of Love" in which these are conjoined with the grosser Djarada. The impression may be formed, rather, that Professor Berndt is trying too hard, out of a decent respect for his Aboriginal friends and their traditions, to lend a metaphysical grandeur and subtlety of import to what are more earthy and urgent country matters.

Nevertheless, this is a fine ethnographical accomplishment and also a limit and test case in the field of comparative literature. Some passages in the ethnographer's final translations could be *made* into poetry, and it is a hard question how far that would be an act of bad faith towards Aboriginal tradition. As the account stands, however, and with critical scepticism set aside, one is often inclined to think that something proper to Aboriginal sensibility has been echoed in certain passages from these exotic chants, that we can look away from subincised penises and the defloration boomerangs in order to listen to people "Talking to one another, twisting their tongues to make strange noises like birds . . ." : *Shud garg ! garg ! wirgul !*

Playing fast and loose

By John Lahr

SAM SHEPARD :
Angel City, Curse of the Starving Class and Other Plays
245pp. Faber. £4.50.

Of all contemporary American playwrights, Sam Shepard alone still has romantic feeling for the landscape. He is not a city playwright; but a Midwestern wanderer who has driven the backroads of the land, tramped its wilderness, scored on its main streets, and explored in his writing the mythology of the nation. He is a protean figure ; and the weird terrains of his plays sparkle with the insights of a man who has inhabited many worlds—musician, addict, cowboy, bad-ass horse breeder, and even, in his latest incarnation as the lead in Terence Malick's highly praised *Days of Heaven*, movie star.

"People want a street angel. They want a saint, but with a cowboy mouth." This is a good description of America's current appetite for heroes and of Shepard's own instinct for fashioning himself into a legendary hipster. "I am truly an American", says Shepard's spokesman in *Operation Sidewinder* (1970). "I was made in America. Born, bred, and raised. I have American scars on my brain. Red, white and blue. I bleed American blood. I dream American dreams. . . . I devour the planet. I'm an earth eater."

Shepard's greatest asset as a playwright is his voracious curiosity about America. But if he dissects the society with unusual precision, he is also contaminated by part of its sickness. In a society that lives on myths, he can't resist making a myth of himself. Since he came on the off-Broadway scene in 1965, Shepard has been the darling of the American avant garde. *Curse of the Starving Class* won the *Village Voice* "Obie Award" for best play of the year before it had even been produced. Shepard is his own best invention: even his name has been changed to have a more heroic sound: he was originally called Steve Roberts. In his latest volume of plays he includes a typical piece of American tall talk, "Sam Shepard: 9 Random Years" by the reigning Dark Lady of rock and roll, Patti Smith:

. . . when he was grown
had hubcaps of his own
on a Hudson Hornet car
and rolled the pretty ladies
and often went too far
he rode to Chicago
he flew to Kalamazoo
slid into Nashville
raced in Tolkune
he slipstreamed Salinas
he plunged off a cliff
the people all gathered
and pointed to him
they said there goes a bad boy . . .

Shepard's instincts for theatre are often as cunning as his talent for self-promotion. He likes to astonish his audience with words and images. His plays are dreamscapes where past and prophecy coexist. Shepard himself compares the structure of his recent plays with jazz, a pretension which rationalizes his characters' frequent solo riffs which wreak havoc with conventional narrative lines. When it works, this kind of sensory blitz can be stunning; but for a playwright of such raw talent and ambitiousness, Shepard has a surprising number of bad plays to his name This book collects a good many of them from 1968 to 1976, while leaving out two of his most coherent and entertaining works: *Operation Sidewinder* and *Little Ocean* (1974).

Only *Angel City* approaches the high standard Shepard set for himself in *Tooth of Crime* (1974), his brilliant dramatization of the isolation of the famous. There, Shepard's metaphor was rock and roll, which is mother's milk to him.

In *Angel City*, Hollywood is his metaphor for the society's perverse obsession with enchantment and distraction. Having earned a screenwriting credit for Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* and with a drawer full of unproduced screenplays, Shepard knows his way around Hollywood. Jack Warner called screen-writers "schmucks with Underwoods" and *Angel City* is intended as an antidote to this philistinism. The play has the familiar Shepard bag of tricks: an epic battle, fabulous physical transformations, some Indian hocus pocus, and surreal juxtapositions. It also has Shepard's monologues which show to advantage both his dramatic intuition and the quirky accuracy of his observations about the country. At their best, Shepard's plays flush out the hidden yearnings and terrors of the American collective unconscious. In *Angel City*, the problem of being spellbound is outlined by a secretary in a brilliant fan's lament where she talks about the way her identity is transferred to the screen image.

> I look at the movie and I am the movie. I am the star. I am the star in the movie. For days I am the star and I'm not me. I'm being the star. I look at my life when I come down . . . I hate my life not being a movie. I hate my life not being a star. I hate being myself in my life which isn't a movie and never will be. I hate having to eat. Having to work. Having to sleep. Having to go to the bathroom. Having to get from one place to another with no potential. Having to live in this body which isn't a star's body and all the time knowing that stars exist. That there are people doing nothing in life except being in movies. Doing nothing but swimming and drinking and laughing and being driven to places full of potential. . . . People living in dreams which are the same dreams I'm dreaming but never living.

Angel City is more successful than the other plays in this volume because here Shepard's stage imagery is as inventive as his language. He sees his play as "painting in space" and asks his actors in a note to the play not to consider their roles in terms of "whole characters" but "more in terms of collage construction and jazz improvization". Shepard is making an asset of his literary limitations: he hasn't mastered the discipline of plot and characterization. By not rounding out his characters, he too often is left, like the action painting he admires, with only startling surfaces.

Shepard sees himself as the Jackson Pollock of the proscenium arch and feels a kinship with Kerouac and his "spontaneous writing". Action and movement are part of the American experience that Shepard somehow wants to incorporate in his method. He associates himself with speed. As Patti Smith writes of Shepard and one of his sidekicks:

they left the moon behind them
and fell to crime.
Not only the worldly crimes of passion
the poetry of Speed:
the fast moving car
the engine
the black mustang pony
the electric guitar.

"Speeding like a demon" are the last words in Patti Smith's paean to Shepard. But the speed that America mythologizes also attenuates life; and Shepard's work pays the same price.

For all his virtues, *Angel City and Other Plays* is a woefully uneven volume. A great many of the small plays (*Cowboy Mouth*, *Cowboy 2*, *Mad Dog Blues*) are either too murky or too sloppy to merit any discussion. If they show us anything about America, it is only how shoddy and impoverished the avant garde has become. "You don't want to look at the words in themselves, but at the things behind them, inside them", Shepard has said about *Curse of the Starving Class*. But in his most recent plays the message behind his words is all too clear. There's not enough work in them. Shepard is at a crucial point where he must choose between honouring his craft or his image. Writing is an act of penetration, celebrity an act of presentation. Shepard's new Hollywood notoriety may make things more difficult for him. Having helped to define America's contemporary wasteland, he may find himself part of it. If he indulges his legend, he will no doubt become another disposable artifact in a throw-away culture which needs to waste life to prove its abundance.

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There's the man who yearns for the White House, there to compose
Rhythmical lists of enemies, while someone else
Wants to be known to the Tour d'Argent's head waiter,
As the Sibyl of Cumae said : It takes all kinds.
Nothing could bribe your Timon, your charter member
Of the Fraternal Order of Grizzly Bears to love
His fellow, whereas it's just the opposite
With interior decorators ; that's what makes horse races.
One man may have a sharp nose for tax shelters,
Screwing the IRS with mirth and profit ;
Another devote himself to his shell collection,
Deaf to his offspring, indifferent to the feast
With which his wife hopes to attract his notice.
Some at the Health Club sweating under bar bells
Labor away like grunting troglodytes,
Smelly and thick and inarticulate,
Their brains squeezed out through their pores by sheer exertion.
As for me, the prize for poets, the simple gift
For amphybrachs strewn by a kind Euterpe,
With perhaps a laurel crown of the evergreen
Imperishable of your fine endowment
Would supply my modest wants, who dream of nothing
But a pad on Eighth Street and your approbation.

Anthony Hecht

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New dimensions

By Richard Cork

ROGER COLE :
Burning to Speak
The Life and Art of Henri Gaudier Brzeska
141pp. Phaidon. £12.95.

The high romantic aura which has surrounded Henri Gaudier Brzeska ever since his tragic early death in the First World War receives an unwelcome boost in the title of Roger Cole's new study of the artist. *Burning to Speak* is almost as overblown a name as *Savage Messiah*, the book by H. S. Ede which was primarily responsible for popularizing Gaudier during the 1930s, and which Ken Russell eagerly revived when he made his preposterous film several years ago. *Poor Gaudier: so many myths have accreted to his life and work that the great need now is to peel them away, just as a careful restorer would be at pains to strip his* sculpture of any fatty overlay and disclose the fine lines of the original beneath.

Our confidence in the ability of *Burning to Speak* to perform this urgent task is further undermined by its choice of cover illustration: the face of "Singer", Gaudier's first large carving. With its winsome tilt of the head and tremulously parted lips, this tentative exercise is an uneasy tribute to the kind of early Greek sculpture which he soon afterwards forsook in favour of less archeizing and more adventurous alternatives. Indeed, Gaudier implicitly denounced its mute narcissism in the polemical broadside he published in *Blast No 1*: "the fair Greek saw himself only. HE petrified his own semblance. HIS SCULPTURE WAS DERIVATIVE his feeling for form secondary. The absence of direct energy lasted for a thousand years." The extremism of this attack on "those *damn* Greeks" shows how crucial it was for Gaudier to break away from a tradition which had stifled far too many nineteenth-century sculptors, and a disservice is done by giving "Singer" a prominence Gaudier would hardly have approved.

The sheer range of Gaudier's search for antidotes to the classical tradition never ceases to astonish, and the main merit of Cole's book is that it provides a reliable catalogue of the modelled and carved work. Gaudier's many drawings, which constitute a major part of his output and badly need marshalling in scholarly form, are admitted here only when they have a direct bearing on the sculpture, and this distorts the achievement of a man who was before all else a superb, tireless draftsman. But apart from the further distortion of illustrating the beautiful marble "Seated Woman" in its recent bronze version—a casting which flagrantly contradicts Gaudier's insistence on "no more arbitrary translations of a design in any material"—Cole's chronological display of the sculpture is very valuable. For the first time it is possible to grasp, in an authoritatively researched sequence, the swift and darting development of Gaudier's three-dimensional work. With the inclusion of more or less unknown carvings like Doncaster's rediscovered "Love Scene", the Hull "Woman" and the Manchester "Female Figure", a comprehensive visual record has finally been made available to those wanting to grasp every twist and turn in this ambitious young sculptor's development.

And what an enormous ambition he possessed! Turning the pages of illustrations in Cole's book is startlingly akin to consulting an encyclopedia of sculptural styles. Just as Gaudier's essay in *Blast No 1* ranged freely over the entire history of sculpture from prehistoric times to Brancusi, so his own work encompassed an equally comprehensive variety of cultural options. Only four short years separate Gaudier's first sculpture from his last, and *yet the process of self-education within that period was intense.* Rodin, Indian, Epstein, South American, Maillol, African, Modigliani and much else besides, were all subjected to the avid scrutiny of a man determined to measure himself against the highest standards he could find either in an individual's body of work or in the products of an entire epoch. One letter to Sophie, his devoted but acerbic companion, mentions that during "a short visit to the British Museum" he "took particular notice of all the primitive statues, negro, yellow, red and white races, Gothic and Greek". And although Gaudier's fondness for hyperbole must be taken into account here, as in so many other claims he made for himself, the abundance of conflicting influences in his work does attest to an unusually omnivorous involvement with everything which pre-Renaissance art has to offer.

If Gaudier had not been killed at the age of twenty-three he might, of course, have weeded out a lot of this work at a later stage in his life. Some of it is frankly juvenilia, albeit of a very precocious kind, and its survival in such a complete form—Gaudier went to the trouble of writing out a "List of Works" before he departed for the war—militates against the task of neatly summarizing his achievement. The prodigality of his invention, especially when seen in the context of a life dogged by miserable hardship, shortage of materials and jobs as mundane as they were exhausting, is enough to give anyone pause before attempting a definitive assessment. And as if in agreement with such a view, Cole ends his text with the words by Ezra Pound which give this book its title: "So terrified are we of a man with an unusual faculty, of a man 'burning to speak'." But Pound published those sentiments in 1916, when he was still mourning the death of a young sculptor whose personal friendship and work alike had moved him greatly. At that stage, he had every right to make the subjective claim in his *Memoir* of Gaudier that "his death at Neuville St Vaast is, to my mind, the greatest individual loss which the Arts have sustained during the war". Now, sixty years later, it should be possible to attempt a more reasoned and objective evaluation of Gaudier's significance.

I am afraid Roger Cole has not provided it. His liberal quotations from Gaudier's unpublished correspondence prove that he has conducted some useful primary research, and the bare bones of Gaudier's life are rehearsed adequately enough. But so many key questions remain unexplored. What, to start with, can be made of his exiled status, a working-class Frenchman who settled in London and became part of a largely bourgeois avant-garde milieu? Would he not have been tempted to play the role of an outrageous exotic in order to overcome his diffidence? Then there is the complexity of the circles in which Gaudier managed to make himself known. His most significant alliance was with the Vorticist group, of whose aims Cole has little to say apart from vague remarks like "Pound and Lewis came closer together in their united attack against mediocrity". He is, moreover, quite wrong to state that "almost overnight, therefore, Gaudier projected himself as *the* [my italics] leader of the group". Lewis would never have allowed him to assume such a dominant position; and besides, the intriguing factor to be borne in mind when studying Gaudier is his chameleon-like ability to move from camp to camp.

Cole reveals, for instance, that in early July 1914 Gaudier and Rupert Brooke dined with Edward Marsh and later went to the ballet at Drury Lane, where they met Lady Ottoline Morrell. But he omits to stress that this event took place at the height of Vorticism's noisy activity, and that the other prominent Vorticists would have regarded such supper companions as incompatible with their new-found radical alignment. Gaudier thought otherwise, despite his undoubted commitment to Vorticist precepts in some of his finest late work, and one of the last carvings he undertook was a commission from Lady Hamilton secured through the Omega Workshops—a Bloomsbury stronghold which was by then anathema to the Vorticists.

By failing to make clear exactly how multifarious Gaudier's attachments were, Cole inhibits an accurate analysis of his work as a whole. It seems obvious that the extraordinary spectrum of connections he built up, spanning interests as diverse as Lovat Fraser, Middleton Murry, Enid Bagnold, T. E. Hulme, Roger Fry, Horace Brodzky, Frank Harris and even the unlikely Major Smythies, caused Gaudier to mirror a great many of the ideas and enthusiasms current throughout London at this very fertile period in English art.

He may have protested to Sophie that "it is my individual feeling that counts the most", but his eagerness to discover possible patrons—combined with an impressionable temperament natural in one so young—meant that his work adds up to a vivid reflection of the priorities favoured by many diverse groups and interests within the more experimental culture of the metropolis. Cole writes that Gaudier "was before his time, and achieved a rare, if not unique maturity in his sculpture, unequalled in a man so young". These are large claims, and they can only be demonstrated convincingly by an author who is prepared to examine precisely how Gaudier was in many respects wholly *of* his time. Indeed, his work presents a wealth of material for a historian wanting to clarify how an artist is shaped, not by any woolly notions about an "inner vision" operating in isolation, but by the forces at work in the society of the time. The action of those forces on a talent as susceptible as Gaudier's is ignored in this book, as is his relationship with Continental avant-garde. But until they have all been taken into account, it will remain difficult to appreciate the stature of a late and relatively independent carving like "Birds Erect", the work of a man so eagerly receptive to the ideas he encountered that he was able, at last, to augment them.

Master builders

By J. M. Richards

SHERBAN CANTACUZINO :
Wells Coates
119pp. Gordon Fraser. £12.50.

PETER BLUNDELL JONES :
Hans Scharoun
134pp. Gordon Fraser. £12.95.

Hans Scharoun was fascinated by the plans of buildings; Wells Coates by their sections. These are insufficient descriptions, but they may serve the purpose of indicating some of these two architects' essential characteristics to those who would be misled if they tried to estimate the quality of their buildings simply by looking at them. Scharoun was careless of his buildings' external appearance, which took the form it did almost by accident. In some cases their oddity can hardly be otherwise explained. Coates had the scientist-inventor's ingenuity, which by its nature is often hidden. In this sense only he was—as was Scharoun also—an architect's architect.

They were born within a couple of years of each other, in 1893 and 1895. Yet whereas Scharoun was the author of several prominent buildings in his native Germany, which brought his work into the public eye and have kept it in the eye of subsequent generations of architectural students, and whereas he lived to a ripe old age, Coates died in what should have been his prime. He left only three substantial buildings, none of which—for reasons that emerge in Shorban Cantacuzino's text—fully displays his talents to the outside observer. Coates nevertheless was one of the key figures of the early days of modern architecture in England. These two admirably produced monographs—they are planned as the first, it seems, of a series—appear at a moment when a detached appraisal of their subjects is especially difficult. Scharoun died as recently as 1972, and although Coates died in 1958, his work is an epitome of a phase of twentieth-century architecture whose values are being questioned just now with particular scepticism. The authors of both these books therefore encounter all the problems which arise from trying to write history while it is still being made.

But if the judgments contained in them cannot be regarded as final, both books can be welcomed as filling a gap and because they are biographical as well as architectural; if they fall short of being systematic biographies, they have the usefulness of extended obituary notices. The emphasis on the man as well as the work is strongest in the study of Wells Coates, and this is right because in his case it is impossible to evaluate the work without taking into account the character of the man.

From beginning to end Coates's practice was accident-prone, to a degree that suggested something other than bad luck. He had not that gift for public relations on which some professional men thrive; nor even the most elementary judgment on such matters. He would arrive for a talk with a client who was disposed to treat him as a personal friend, bringing his solicitor and bundles of intimidating contracts, and he would treat a board-room full of businessmen to an airy lecture on the philosophy of aesthetics which filled them with doubts about the practicality of the man they were proposing to commission. As a result of these and similar misjudgments, which his friends observed and deplored but found it beyond their power to avert, one project after another fell by the wayside. Coates bravely battled on but died a disappointed man—and a wasted man, for his talents and his intellectual integrity were of the highest.

For posterity to judge him by, he left just three blocks of flats, each interesting in its way but none reflecting his real quality as an architect. Lawn Road Flats, built in Hampstead in 1933, has been altered; it used poured concrete in a way that seemed promising and logical at the time but is now discredited, and it expended much ingenuity on minimal planning, which was one of the enthusiasms of the 1930s but is no longer an acceptable priority. Embassy Court, Brighton (1934), suffered soon after it was built from a number of technical failures and suffers now in most people's estimation because of today's concern with conservation; offence is given by its intrusion into the Regency skyline. Coates's flats in Palace Gate, Kensington (1937), have lasted better, but their real contribution to architecture—their use of an ingenious interlocking section—is invisible to any but their occupants.

Coates was also responsible for designing some radio sets that were far in advance of their time, but these are now significant only as part of the history of industrial design. Rather than his buildings, his monument must be the doors into a new world that were opened largely by his efforts. We may find fault with some of the results of that architectural revolution of the 1930s, but the fact remains that the liberty to experiment, the liberty to apply basic aesthetic principles and basic scientific knowledge to the design of buildings, on which the present generation thrives (and must itself take the blame if the buildings themselves do not please), was a liberty given to this generation by the battle against prejudice and blind conformity which Wells Coates and a few others fought and won.

Although his social personality was at times, misleadingly, that of a playboy, about architecture he was deadly serious, and as the founder of the Modern Architectural Research Group and the principal delegate from Britain to the Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne, to which he gave much of his energy in the 1930s, Wells Coates has a secure place in history. Mr Cantacuzino has investigated his career thoroughly and describes it sympathetically.

Peter Blundell Jones's account of Hans Scharoun is equally knowledgeable, and is less balanced only in the sense that he writes more as an advocate than as a dispassionate historian. To those who see buildings as the adornment of streets, a good deal of advocacy is needed, however, if they are to be persuaded that Scharoun was as remarkable an architect as he undoubtedly was. Most of his buildings are unappealing externally; indeed, the Philharmonie concert hall in Berlin, perhaps his most important work, is something of a disaster as a contribution to the townscape. You have to go inside to understand that architecture to him was not the creation of monumental forms but the organization of enclosed space, and that his genius lay in assembling a building's required spaces into a continuous and organic whole.

Mr Blundell Jones makes this as clear as it can be made in words; Scharoun's significant qualities were of a kind that even pictures are incapable of revealing. The foyers and auditorium of the Berlin Philharmonie are marvellous places and are so logically planned that there is never any question of their complexity obscuring the sense—essential in a building of this kind—of the direction in which the visitor should look and move. The stimulating visual complexity of their internal spaces, of the interiors of his Wolfsburg theatre and even those of his various blocks of flats, has led Scharoun to be classed among the Expressionists; but his motivation was very different, and Mr Blundell Jones is surely right when he refers the reader interested in the ancestry of Scharoun's philosophy to Hugo Häring, that mysterious figure of the 1920s whose influence can today be seen to have been profound although his only substantial building was a rural cowshed.

In a brief but illuminating historical survey Mr Blundell Jones uses Häring's theories as a link back to the ideas of Ruskin, Pugin and Philip Webb (ideas which established themselves in Germany only in this century through the mediation of Hermann Muthesius), and in doing so he makes a fairly convincing case for including Scharoun among the twentieth-century masters. History may well agree with him, but will not find it so necessary to elevate Scharoun at the expense of his already recognized contemporaries.

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States of tension

By David Bromwich

YVOR WINTERS :
Collected Poems
Introduction by Donald Davie
242pp. Manchester: Carcanet New Press. £4.50.

R. P. BLACKMUR :
Poems
Introduction by Denis Donoghue
177pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £9.40.

ALLEN TATE :
Collected Poems, 1919-1976
227pp. Faber/Farrar, Straus and Giroux. £6.95.

Yvor Winters was celebrated and reviled as a man who knew his mind perfectly. Such men are seldom poets: when they are, it seems reasonable that their chief subject should be the ordeal of their own lucidity. The qualities of Winters's criticism are force, elegance, discrimination, analytic precision, and an ear for both the uniquely astonishing and the ideally illustrative passage. Behind all of his practical criticism, however, is his idea of the poem itself as "a statement in words about a human experience", a vehicle of exacting discrimination and analysis, an ordering of more-than-common knowledge which, because it contemplates forces beyond the control of reason, is implicitly a moral act. Given his principles, what sort of poem was he allowed to write? The answer may appear to be this:

Write little; do it well.
Your knowledge will be such
At last, as to dispel
What moves you overmuch.

Many of Winters's later poems are in a similar vein; one might conclude that all of them have a heart of stone and metre. Winters would doubtless have listened to the verdict patiently, and replied: "Yes, indeed; because I mastered my confusion before writing of it." Armed with a few of his least confusing stanzas, one could write a moderately entertaining review to demonstrate that much has been mastered with a result that is not quite poetry. But in fact the stanza quoted above does not represent him fairly: he is a fine and unmistakable poet, in a handful of poems that do not especially bear out his principles.

The British *Collected Poems* adds, to the slim volume Alan Swallow publishes under that title, a good deal of material that has been difficult or impossible to get hold of in America. It includes *The Early Poems of Yvor Winters* (published by Swallow in 1966), some uncollected poems and translations, and a short story, "The Brink of Darkness". The story, Winters tells us, is "a study of the hypothetical possibility of a hostile supernatural world, and of the effect on the perceptions of a consideration of this possibility". It is well written, though hardly successful as fiction: the hostile force is too pale, the narrator's predicament is never sufficiently dramatized, so that beneath the realistic surface there is only more surface. The narrative has considerable interest nevertheless, since it has an allegorical dimension, plain to any reader of Winters's criticism, of which Winters himself was probably unaware.

> I remembered that I had read somewhere of a kind of Eastern demon who gains power over one only in proportion as one recognizes and fears him. I felt that I had been the victim of a deliberate and malevolent invasion, an invasion utilizing and augmenting to appalling and shadowy proportions all of the most elusive accidents of my life, my new penumbra of perception thus rendering to what would otherwise have appeared the contingent the effect of coherent and cumulative meaning. Finally, through some miscalculation on the part of the invader, or through some other accident, I had begun to recover the limits of my old identity.

Not "to recover my old identity" but "to recover the *limits* of my old identity". For "the invader", read "Emersonian Romanticism".

Winters's earliest poems conform to the general rhetorical practice of Imagism, the last and apparently least ego-bound resort of the Emersonian poetics of sight: "The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second." For Winters, the image falls in naturally with the epigram—a poem called "Noon" runs, in its entirety, "Did you move, in the sun?" The poem is about noon as the shadowless time; there is really nothing more to say; it is an effective caption to its subject. Later in the 1920s his style opens into more discursive free-verse forms. The model now is William Carlos Williams, and a passage like the following, from "Wild Sunflower", could be dropped into *Spring and All* without causing a ripple.

Grip
hard to the dry
airy logs, scoured
clean with the sun. Hold fast
to what you are, in spite of
the wormseething loam. And give
me love, slow love
that draws the turgid
loam up into the sun!

It is exquisite; but the imitation is too faithful to have pleased Winters for long; and already in the sequence that inaugurates the reign of Williams, one notes the leaning to abstract statement that will become one of Winters's defining traits: "Man walks with an unshaken certitude,/Pursuing the slow monsters of the brain." It is not an endearing trait, any more than the weakness for poetic diction that will lead him in deepest maturity to address a plane seen at night, "O spirit cool and frail,/Hung in the lunar fire!" (One of Winters's unacknowledged legislators is Thomas Gray: this kind of writing would have made Wordsworth want to shout, "O—DC-3!".) Abstraction, morality, and—let us call it gray diction—keep a close companionship in Winters's poetry, but the love of earth is never far behind. His triumphs are often morality tales in which the wrestling of impulse with reason becomes all-absorbing and the moral quietly slips out the back door, leaving Winters disarmed and his readers delighted.

We can see this happening in his most famous poem, and one of his best, "Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight". The knight vanquishes his antagonist but then must stand firm against the enticements of a lady, and he does.

By practice and conviction formed,
With ancient stubbornness
ingrained,
Although her body clung and
swarmed,
My own identity remained:

By the end of the poem, the knight has "found a road that men had made/And rested on a drying hill": like Keats's knight, but not alone (the road will lead him to other men), and not palely loitering. The theme is identity, as in "The Brink of Darkness"; but the poem leaves unanswered the questions: what has been preserved after all? and what has been gained? The living details of the antagonist, the lady, the forest itself, have been more vivid to us than the identity the knight is said to have fought them with, or the knowledge he achieves as a result. The poem asks us to rest in our uncertainties, and it is the more powerful for doing so.

An equally arresting and perhaps finer poem is "Heracles". The hero appears as an inveterate moralist who is unhappily compelled to the flights of a romantic quester: "my life was not my own,/But I my life's." By his excruciating death he wins immortality, and a cold assurance—"Perfect, and moving perfectly, I raid/Eternal silence to eternal ends"—but he prefers "the sad pain that Deianira knew", the pain of earth. He says at last: "This was my grief, that out of grief I grew." Both "Sir Gawaine" and "Heracles" seem to have profited from the example of Hart Crane's "The Dance", and in both poems the heroic rhetoric is at odds with the moral Winters would have introduced if he had been foolish enough to try. There is a troubling

One and one

for Peter Pierce

Having reached a flat point in the meandering story
that he was constructing—he called it a bildungsroman
though he had no German and little other learning—

he met precisely the figure he needed: a divorcee,
a witty, worldly, somewhat disillusioned woman,
sexually awakened, frustrated now, slow-burning.

She had admitted at last that bad beginnings
come true: the princess is stripped and whipped and treated
just like a person,

until, equally improbably, she is rescued

by a man who never played a straight bat, made a good innings,
who has slaughtered henwives, dwarves, committed arson,
looks overall stupid though lucky, anything but shrewd.

They love one another at once: how could they not do so?
Enraptured, he tells his story and she tells hers, and neither
notices the sheer difference of modes.

He plans a honeymoon in Arabia, she a trousseau
of velvet and lace: they have no common weather.
He likes elegies. She likes Pindaric odes.

Whether they marry or not, my gentle reader,
is hardly the point: the question is, would you rather
love in mutual delusion, nursing your silly stories,
or live in clear wit, alone with your cat and the furies?

Evan Jones

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irony in this, because a third myth-poem, "Orpheus", has its mind made up and its rhetoric tamed well in advance, and "Orpheus" is Winters's elegy for Crane. It is a chilling performance, in which, as F. O. Matthiessen observed long ago, "neither the potency of the legend nor the desperate chaos of the life" is suggested. The poem says nothing about the friendship and the poetic kinship of Winters and Crane, and it implies nothing. The music of Orpheus rather than the enchantment of the lady is here the natural fact that clings and swarms; obviously, Winters will want to resist it; but the temptation does not begin to be tempting: the voice, "Broken in a bloody dream,/Sang unmeaning down the stream." As emotional statement, this is more repressive than any poem can afford to be. There are some denials that even a fixed identity ought not to exact.

"Before Disaster" is a poem that has been much admired. The first verse paragraph shows us Winters driving homeward in steady traffic, reflecting that the unwary deviation of an inch could destroy him. Then, a curious transition:

Ranks of nations thus descend,
Watchful to a stormy end.
By a moment's calm beguiled,
I have got a wife and child.
Fool and scoundrel guide the State
Peace is whore to Greed and Hate.

The sudden shift from first to fourth gear, in a modest vehicle that will not bear the strain, surely wrecks this poem beyond apology and makes it valuable chiefly for its unconscious humour. But it is important to see that this was the sort of poem Winters thought he should write. He must have been at a loss to explain the unchecked swing and release of "A Summer Commentary", with its perfect closing stanzas:

The soft voice of the nesting dove,
And the dove in soft erratic flight
Like a rapid hand within a glove,
Caress the silence and the light.
Amid the rubble, the fallen fruit,
Fermenting in its rich decay,
Smears brandy on the trampling boot
And sends it sweeter on its way.

"How did that ever happen to *me*?" we can imagine him asking, with a grim inquisitorial air. For us, it is enough that it did happen, in a dozen poems or passages.

Of the early work, "The Street" is a queer, confused, honest and disturbing poem, somewhat in Williams's mode; "The Passing Night" is clear evocative prose that would have satisfied Hemingway; "Incandescent Earth" and "Orange Tree" are further successes in the *Spring and All* line. Americans have had twenty years to read Winters's old collected volume, and the poems discussed so far will have been old friends and enemies. Some poems that deserve to be better known are "The Upper Meadows", "The Fall of Leaves", the Hardy-ish "Inscription for a Graveyard", "The Slow Pacific Swell" (for its final section), "By the Road to the Air-Base", and "At the San Francisco Airport" (minus the third and fourth stanzas). Winters was miraculously, and revivingly, free of the conspicuous piety of his agrarian-classicist generation, and since his severity had everything to do with his sense of isolation, it may be fairest to end by quoting "A Fragment".

I cannot find my way to Nazareth.
I have had enough of this. Thy will is death,
And this unholy quiet is thy peace.
Thy will be done; and let discussion cease.

To this rejection of all comfort R. P. Blackmur replies with ironic hope and a hard-won gnarled seriousness that can seem, at its worst, an involuntary parody of every modernist procedure catalogued in *Primitivism and Decadence*, and at its best the *un*common voice of sincerity that truly represents its era. "The Rape of Europa" is an abrasive but moving poem which begins, "This age it is the same, with less remembered"; it ends with an affirmation in which the will to believe is desperate enough to pass for the deed:

Horror got out of horror may yet be blest
when the great scar of birth begins to scab
and with each change of weather pull and burn
and the wound verge on flow. What bore, tore;
the horror and the glory are the same.
Man's hope the wound, God's memory the scar!
—else what is born lies nameless in her lap.

The phrases from Yeats and Eliot are more than overheard, the rhythm sprung unstrung; but that only shows how far the language of modernism had passed into the language: it took Blackmur to write the poem.

Yeats and Eliot, Hopkins and occasionally Crane, are the common stock of Blackmur's poetry. Yeats most of all: he is helplessly fond of "sweetness", "images", "mockery", "sway", "rent" (past participle), the special and very rhetorical use of "maybe", and a few never-again phrases like "the bestial floor"; surrounding these words, familiar sentiments with familiar cadences "—Come let us gather up the hated men,/the true outsiders: those with the tireless eyes" and "Therefore as soldier he cast himself a rôle/that needed ancestors" and "Quiet the self, and silence brims like spring"; and a strange little poem, "For Comfort and Size", which replays *Purgatory* in the idiom of the songs. Hopkins is afoot in some new and inferior Terrible Sonnets; in "reprieved from wanhope's whipping post"; in "The trough and the surge, the urge of the dead", and "the light the night at last break both ways through". These influences need to be mentioned because they make Blackmur all too vulnerable to the sacred rage of the echo-detector—and because they seem to crowd him more than they really *do*. "From Jordan's Delight" (part 9), "Sea Island Miscellany" (part 5), "Twelve Scarabs for the Living" (scarab 4), "Three Poems from a Text" (poem 1), "The Rape of Europa," "The Communiqués from Yalta", and "Phasellus Ille", are impressive poems which the anthologies are bound to catch up with in a decade or two.

His worst fault, as such a list makes painfully clear, is that, in spite of his great facility for compression within a line, he rarely contracts his attention to the span of a short poem: half of the poems are long sequences, most of them are audibly reluctant to come to a conclusion. Yet he is writing in language that was invented for the short poem, that yields the reader never an inch of slack, that only dispirits and fatigues over the longer stretch. Denis Donoghue—who contributes to the poems a graceful introduction that defends Blackmur in tones perhaps a shade too Blackmurian—is convinced that he was "a sublimist at heart" searching literature for "the thrill of seeing circumstances transcended, conditions refuted by a stroke of the poet's imagination beyond every prediction". That is neatly said, and helps to explain the way Blackmur composed, line by line; and yet the thoroughgoing "sublimist", from Poe's day to our own, has always insisted that the trick is to know when to stop: why does Blackmur go on and on?

The truth is that he was a rather baffled enthusiast of the sublime. The Longinian tradition in criticism has come to mean for us, more than anything else, Arnold's touchstone theory; and if Blackmur used the theory on occasion as a way of vindicating the claims of Eliot and Pound, in whose work the whole structure appeared to have been built up from the touchstone-lines, he used it tentatively and with a divided conscience. In the late essay, "Lord Tennyson's Scissors", the persistence of certain lines in Blackmur's memory is proof that Eliot and Pound will outlive Hardy and Stevens. But in the early "Examples of Wallace Stevens", written when Blackmur was still writing poetry himself, the fact that Stevens's great lines are brilliantly prepared by their context, and ill-served when isolated from it, is made to tell partly in Stevens's favour: organic form wins an unexpected victory over the touchstone. Blackmur wanted to write poems in which context would be distinctly present (this meant length) and at the same time the touchstones would not be far to seek (this meant constant compression). The result is that some of his best things—the spirits that "climb the cliff and stare/Through second eyes and are sea-beggared there"; a "psyche" that "sings/in its dark corners, its wild waste winnowings"—jostle with their highly competitive neighbours, and cannot shine.

Poems reprints Blackmur's three published volumes and a few uncollected poems, mostly early. Since his poetry was not widely read when it appeared, and afterwards sank without a trace, we greet it as a large clue for which we had never made room, to a temperament whose oddness we had long given up trying to solve. Beating eloquently in the background of his early verse is the unfathomable sea, where, from a safe prospect, "Some bleak and gallant face,/Lonely in words, but under words at home,/Might look, might almost see, a first windtrace". Here disaster and livelihood, waste and vocation, are fluent in a single process, for the poet as they were for his ancestors:

Once along this coast
my fathers made their sail
and were with all hands lost,
outweathered in a gale.

Now from long looking I
have come on second sight,
there where the lost shores lie
the sea is breeding night.

Most of the later poems are social commentary. Their bleakness is such that we have to shake ourselves to remember that the commentator is an exact coeval of MacLeish's, who crossed the same streets and read the same headlines. "The Communiqués from Yalta" is short enough to be quoted in full:

Not heart, not soul, and not their joined intent,
not these alone, but the whole process, breaking;
these are not salvo sounds, but fire raking
all hope, all memory, all undertaking.

—Who mocks the mockers when mockery is spent?
When will this dry tree I clutch be done shaking?

The text is Luke 23:31: "*For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?*"

A surprising number of Allen Tate's early poems are satires, [illegible] very much in the spirit of "The Communiqués from Yalta", ...without its triumphant detachment. In these poems the young ...appears as an old, sly, watchful, immoderately conscience-laden ... of the old order, a Ciceronian ... of Regress, ready on a ...ment's notice to unload yester...'s haul of world-historical ... It does not matter that he ...ly comes to jeer Edmund Wilson at the offices of the *New Republic*: ...it is recognizable in type as the well-dressed heckler at a May Day ...rade. His poetry was written elsewhere, and the new *Collected Poems* show how it began, with lines like:

This is the man who classified the bits
Of his friends' hells into a pigeon-hole—
He hung each disparate anguish on the spits
Parboiled and roasted in his own withering soul.

Parboiled!—it is Ransom through and through. Then one looks again at the wrenching "anguish on the spits": it is already beginning to be Tate. He writes—this was predictable—youthful bad poems about Milton and Blake; but one thing he says about Milton applies to himself: "Ironically, you thrill/Me not with goodness, but with thundering verse." Eliot was less important to his poetry than many people have imagined; the obvious and unimportant similarities come from temperamental affinity rather than discipleship. Tate actually writes his own version of "Whispers of Immortality", with "John Ford knew more than I of death,/John Ford to death has passed along", and so to Marlowe, and so to the end. But one is not persuaded that Eliot was needed for this. Indeed, Tate is *more* caustic than Eliot: the effect of reading him is to make us realize how much tenderness there is in Eliot, and how little criticism has made of it; Tate has plenty of Sweeney, plenty of tearing at grapes with murderous paws—but no "infinitely gentle, infinitely suffering thing".

"Mr Pope", "Last Days of Alice", "The Wolves", "The Subway", "Mother and Son", "The Cross", "Aeneas at Washington", "The Mediterranean", "Ode to the Confederate Dead": these are Tate's best-known poems, and deservedly so. The first two have spawned so many vacuous "literary" poems that it is hard to see them straight: "Mr Pope" strikes one as discreetly epigrammatic, "Alice" as grandiloquent on a wildly inappropriate scale. "The Subway" and "The Wolves" are intriguing as test cases of Tate's style; here the style is talking to itself in the absence of a clear subject; to get the fun of "The Subway", one has to imagine Tate in an underground station, outdeafening the trains with *his* thunder. The rest of the list are among the great modern poems. At the end of the book, a French translation of the "Ode to the Confederate Dead" reminds us emphatically of that poem's kinship with "Le Cimetière Marin". But the opening lines of the ode are as memorable and original as any cadence in English. The poem is the subject of Tate's most readable essay, "Narcissus as Narcissus": any further comment here would be absurd. The conclusion of "The Mediterranean" is the high point of Tate's poetry; of the rest of the poem it is enough to say that it earns this leave-taking:

What country shall we conquer, what fair land
Unman our conquest and locate our blood?
We've cracked the hemispheres with careless hand!
Now, from the Gates of Hercules we flood

Westward, westward till the barbarous brine
Whelms us to the tired land where tasselling corn,
Fat beans, grapes sweeter than muscadine
Rot on the vine: in that land were we born.

This poem owes something to "Voyages"—Tate's debt to Crane is pervasive, and acknowledged in his prose—but it moves with nearly equal intensity to a different and more dramatic end.

There have been several half-hearted attempts to describe the boldness of the enormously concentrated language that Tate and Crane and a few others made for their poetry, the language that to readers who have once felt its intoxication can seem to define the modernness of modern poetry. One of the least satisfactory attempts is Tate's own in "Tension in Poetry". He divides a poem into extension (literal meaning) and intension (figurative meaning), and offers the third term "tension" to encompass both. He then prints a gathering of widely disparate passages which are supposed to exemplify tension, and finds it unnecessary to comment on them. It would have been more helpful of him to admit that by tension he meant something reasonably close to our ordinary sense of the word. Tension occurs when maximum intensity and maximum surprise come together in the shaping of a poem: in its diction, secondarily in its rhythm, and, if it can bear the pressure, in its narrative method. Too much tension and the poem will snap: it rewards the reader too little and too late. But if the language is just difficult enough it will make the reader himself tense for its clarities. In "John Crowe Ransom, or Thunder Without God", Winters chided Ransom, Tate, and their school for employing the word *deftly* as a portentous-sounding but in fact meaningless tone-filler, what would once have been called "poetic cant". But if one looks closely at the poem Winters was discussing, "Death of Little Boys", one can see that Tate wanted the word for the sake of tension. "Then you will touch at the bedside, torn in two,/Gold curls now deftly intricate with gray": intricate work has to be performed deftly; but deftness is an easy and athletic virtue; "torn in two" in the previous line corrupts all its ease; and the line-ending itself seems a deft tearing. The poem as a whole is as bad as Winters says it is, but the use of "deftly" is not an aberration. Tension, in this sense of the word, was an incidental trick of older poetry. With mixed results, Tate made it his whole practice.

Tate has influenced two poets of genius: Robert Lowell and Geoffrey Hill. Lowell admired the gravely shock-dealing, fiercely oratorical manner of poems like "Aeneas at Washington": "Stuck in the wet mire/Four thousand leagues from the ninth buried city/I thought of Troy, what we had built her for." The effect of this can be felt most strongly in "Falling Asleep Over the Aeneid", which is one of Lowell's half-dozen great poems (and by the way, "stuck," in the lines above is misprinted as "struck", and had better be corrected for future printings). In Hill the influence is, as one would expect, subtler; but there are close resemblances between "The Bidden Guest" and "The Cross", between "The Turtle Dove" and "Mother and Son":

The falcon mother cannot will her hand
Up to the bed, nor break the manacle
His exile sets upon her harsh command
That he should say the time is beautiful

"Mother and Son" is a masterpiece of suppressed violence; its subject is the love that in a cruel heart becomes the will to possess; having quoted a little of it, one ought to add the death-vigil of the closing lines:

O child, be vigilant till towards the south
On the flowered wall all the sweet afternoon,
The reaching sun, swift as the cottonmouth,
Strikes at the black crucifix on her breast
Where the cold dusk comes suddenly to rest—
Mortality will speak the victor soon!
The dreary flies, lazy and casual,
Stick to the ceiling, buzz along the wall.
O heart, the spider shuffles from the mould
Weaving, between the pinks and grapes, his pall.
The bright wallpaper, imperishably old
Uncurls and flutters, it will never fall.

Between 1920 and 1950, Tate wrote enough of the poetry of our age to make reviewing him a pleasant task, since the temptation is simply to quote more and more. Winters and Blackmur are poets one wants to get new readers for; Tate's poems will be read, inevitably, by anyone who cares for poetry; he is not far behind Crane among the poets of his time and place. His strongest emotions are *negative*; by a natural self-sympathy his prejudices are raised to a pitch of sincere and passionate feeling. Sentiment that is purely reactionary, however, can help poetry where it can only harm criticism, and as a critic he has neither the patience of Blackmur nor the uncompromising lucidity of Winters. He asks us to locate the source of his dominant feelings in the historic agony of the American South, though with him, as with Eliot, we sense a residuum of personal agony about which the verse and prose alike are systematically reticent. But Eliot loomed behind the whole generation to which Tate, Blackmur, and Winters belong, and Eliot announced that poetry was an escape from personality. Of the critics of that generation, Winters evokes the warmest interest today and may have the best chance of surviving. Oddly, his experience of poetry was touched but never bounded by Eliot, Eliot's canon, or Eliot's doctrine of impersonality. For him *The Waste Land* seems not to have changed everything.

From Exile

When do you end, spring flower,
autumn moon? How much
of the past comes to mind. Last night
the east wind blew again
round the cottage. I cannot bear
turning back to my old country
when the moon is bright.

The carved railings, the marble
staircase are still there,
only those beautiful faces
have altered. And you ask
how much sadness one can take: just
as much as a river of spring
waters running east.

after Li Yu

Peter Jay

Return trip

By Tom Shippey

ROBERT FOSTER:
The Complete Guide to Middle-Earth
460pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.95.

What is the point of producing a complete index to J. R. R. Tolkien's Middle-Earth cycle? That is the question posed by Robert Foster's *Complete Guide to Middle-Earth*, and posed only the more insistently by the fact that there have been several similar if less complete works produced before it, including of course the indexes to *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Silmarillion* themselves. Is anything to be gained by rolling them all up together? Is it not simply a labour of love, even of devotion, but of devotion fundamentally misguided?

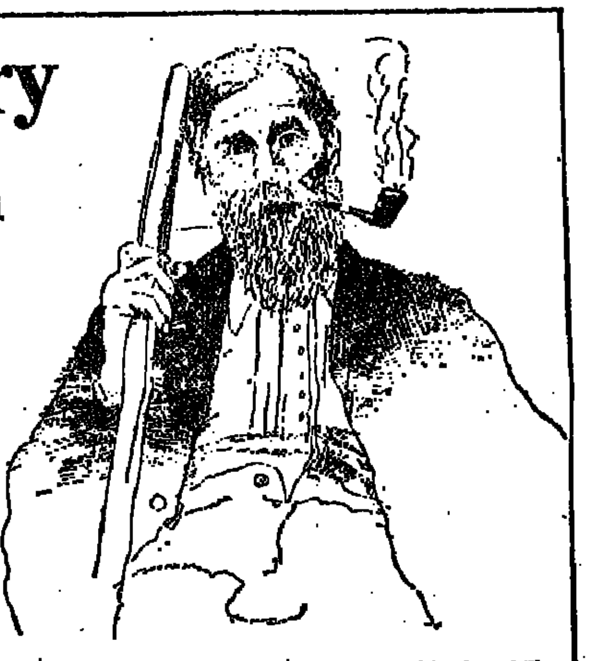
If nothing came of the labour except what was already in the source-texts, the answer to that last question would have to be a courteous or regretful "Yes". The curious thing, though, is that Mr Foster can quite easily dig out more than Tolkien ever openly expressed, and not in the way of opinion or critique, but of simple flat information. Beorn of *The Hobbit*, he observes, was "a berserker". Tolkien never said that, preferring the term "skin-changer".

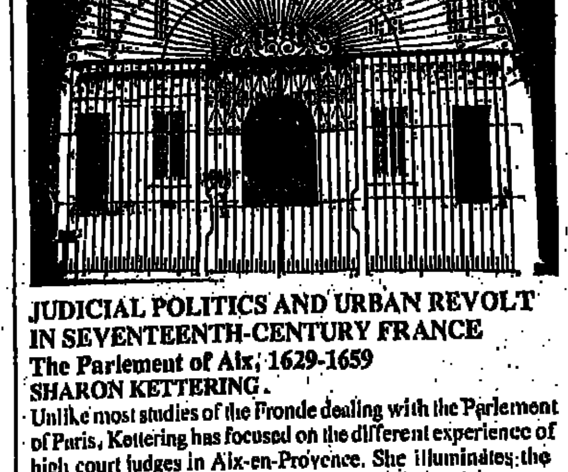
But clearly Beorn's other "skin" was a bear's, while in the Battle of the Five Armies he displays (as berserkers will) manic rage and imperviousness to iron. "Berserk" of course means, or meant, "bear-coat", and the *Oxford English Dictionary* will tell you so. Mr Foster's entry then tells you a little about Professor Tokien's sources—and also about his linguistic scrupulosity, for "berserker" is (as he said of other words) not really English, but a Walter Scott import partaking a little of that "innocent sentimentalism" he so often and so fruitlessly deplored.

Or take "the Gladden Fields", in which, says Mr Foster, many irises grew. One might have guessed so from the "deep pools" in which Isildur and the One Ring lay drowned, but the inference sounds more precise than that. Sure enough, *glaedene* turns out to be good Old English (in some places good modern English) for the yellow iris or gladiolus.

Nor is the River Gloden in Worcestershire without relevance, or literary associations, if one looks close enough.... And that is the way that Tolkien's cycle works. It stimulates exegesis; rewards it; provokes more. The way that so many unnoticed pieces fit together, once they *are* noticed, further contributes to its unmatched air of fantastic solidity. No wonder, then, that index-makers feel they have something left to do.

To the disenchanted and to those entirely devoid of "philological instinct", of course (not a large group, outside literary circles), the whole process will still seem a bewilderment, like the "dragon-sickness" that overtakes treasure-hunters: and perhaps in the last resort it is. Nevertheless the spell that is cast by buried gold does not altogether devalue money; nor need the staid study of grammar entirely neglect the "glamour" that comes from Grammarye. Who can judge but those who have been "there and back again"—clutching "a *Guide to Middle-Earth*, no doubt, as golden bough and talisman?





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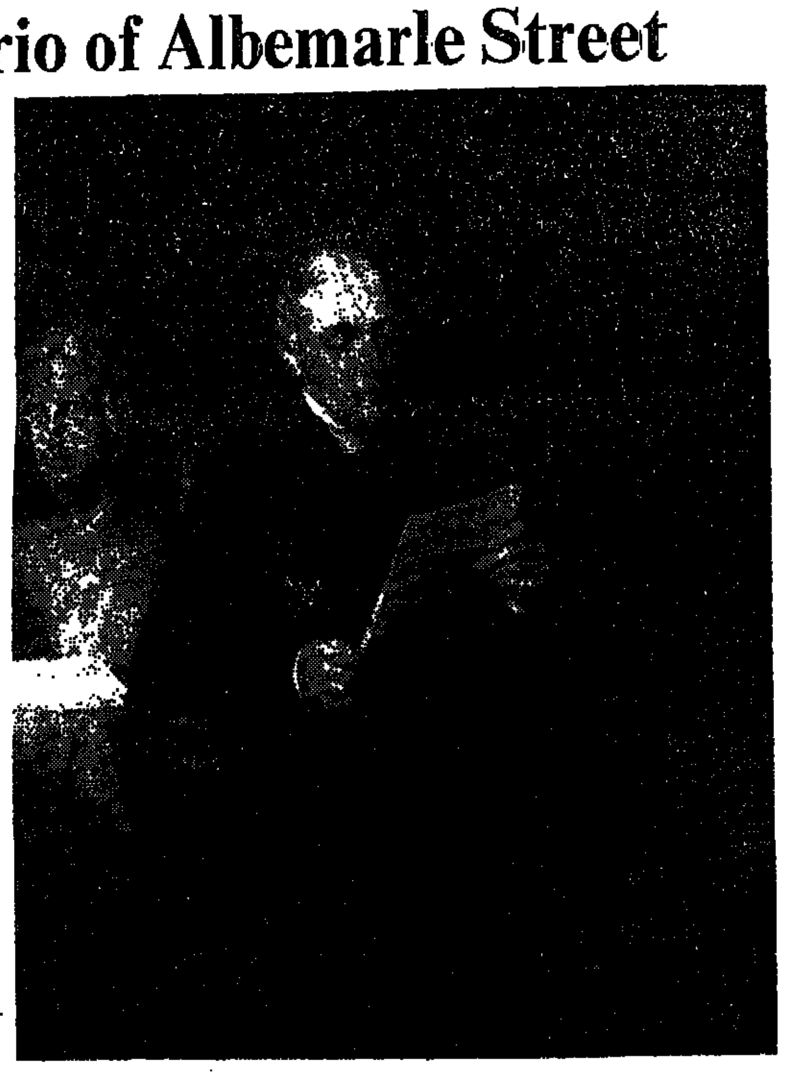


John Murray II by Henry William Pickersgill

November 27 is the bicentenary of the birth of a very remarkable man, John Murray II, best known as Byron's publisher. The fact that he became Byron's publisher shows his romantic temperament, his imagination, courage and flair for spotting excellence.

The founder of the firm, John's father, a retired lieutenant of Marines on half-pay, started up as a publisher in 1768. With £400 from his father, an Edinburgh lawyer, he bought a good little business at 32 Fleet Street. He knew nothing about bookselling or publishing (the two activities were not separate in those days) but by hard work and the establishment of good connections with book-sellers in Edinburgh, he managed to keep his head above water. Bookselling was at first the safest side of his business; then, in 1775, when he came into a legacy of £4,000 at the age of thirty, he branched out into a more ambitious class of publishing. One of his first successes was the first volume of *Curiosities of Literature* by his friend, Isaac D'Israeli.

Murray's only son, John Murray II, was educated first at the High School, Edinburgh, for a year and then at the school at Gosport kept by Dr Burney. While there John met with a horrible accident. In stooping to pick up a book, he ran his right eye into the blade of a penknife held carelessly by the writing master who was standing beside him; this left him totally blind in that eye. Nevertheless, his father was able to write about him that "his appearance—open, modest and manly—is much in his favour"; and, at the same time, "he inherits a spice of indolence, and is a little quick in the temper". These characteristics, as well as his favourable appearance, John retained throughout life.

John Murray I died in 1793 when his son was only fifteen. He left a respectable business, a good name and his capital intact. While John remained at school for another two years, the business was run by his mother and an executor, Samuel Highley; in 1795, John entered the business with Highley as his partner. The latter, timid and old-fashioned, was interested mainly in the bookselling side of the business. John, never happy in the partnership, managed to break it in 1802, shortly before his twenty-fourth birthday. He kept on 32 Fleet Street while Highley moved to number 24. John was now ready, in his own words, "to plunge alone into the depths of literary speculation". His first ventures were not very successful. His luck soon turned, however, when he was made London agent for the important Edinburgh firm of Archibald Constable. Constable invited him to Edinburgh in 1806, introduced him to Walter Scott and sold him for £250 a quarter share in the copyright of *Marmion*. The speculation paid off wonderfully well. Murray himself sold 3,000 copies of the quarto edition at one and a half guineas a copy in the first couple of months after its publication in 1808, and thereafter it went from edition to edition. This Edinburgh visit was happy in another way too: Murray fell in love with Anne Elliot, daughter of a publisher friend of his father, and married her in 1807.

The success of the Whig *Edinburgh Review*, published by Constable, gave Murray the idea of starting a Tory periodical. With the moral support of Scott, George Canning, (Foreign Secretary), Stratford Canning and Isaac D'Israeli, who had become Murray's intimate friend and chief literary adviser, he founded the *Quarterly Review* with William Gifford as its first editor. Murray put up £5,000 to start this venture. "My character is at stake upon it", he wrote to Gifford with whom he was to work in close and happy cooperation for many years. "My mind is so entirely engrossed, my honour so completely involved in this one thing that I neither eat, drink, nor sleep upon anything else."

The first number of the *Quarterly* appeared on March 1, 1809 with eighteen anonymous articles, four of them by Scott. It took about three years for the review to become established, gain great influence and increase its circulation to 10,000. By then Southey, who was its "sheet-anchor", was able to write: "*The Review* is the greatest of all works, and it is all his [Murray's] creation." The *Quarterly* brought Murray many new friends and authors, although Murray authors were not immune from being mangled in its pages.

Three years to the day after its first appearance, Murray published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. Byron, then quite unknown as an author, had made a present of these cantos to Robert Dallas. The poem having been rejected by three publishers, Dallas took it to Murray who immediately recognized its genius and after consultation with Gifford paid Dallas £600 for the copyright. The first edition of 500 copies in quarto at thirty shillings a copy sold out in three days, and within six months 4,500 copies had been sold of the octavo editions at twelve shillings a copy.

The Fleet Street shop now seemed too small for Murray's adventurous spirit. The place was sold and by pledging some of his copyrights he bought the freehold of 50 Albemarle Street for £3,822 from William Miller, one of the publishers who had turned down *Childe Harold*. "My house is excellent", Murray wrote soon after moving in there with his family in September 1812, "and I transact all my business in an elegant library which my drawing-room becomes in the morning, and there I am in the habit of seeing persons of the highest rank in literature and talent." Murray introduced Byron to Scott in this drawing-room in April, 1815 (the year he accepted Jane Austen's *Emma*). The two poets embraced warmly and after a conversation lasting some two hours, limped down the stairs together.

The Byron-Murray association flourished (an unprecedented 10,000 copies of *The Corsair* were sold on the day of publication) with reverence and generosity on Murray's side and playfulness and petulance on Byron's until 1821, when they quarrelled because Murray declined to publish the last cantos of *Don Juan* on the laudable, if mistaken, grounds that they would do Byron's name "everlasting injury". Happily, the quarrel was made up before the end. The story of the burning of Byron's memoirs is too well known to need repeating.

Those were glorious years at Albemarle Street for Murray from 1812 to 1825. The house became celebrated as a meeting place—a club almost—for distinguished men in all walks of life, not only in England but from America and the Continent. Invitations were eagerly accepted to his dinner-parties in a dining-room decorated by portraits of his most famous authors, painted for him by the best artists of the day. A foreigner was told that to publish with Murray was the best introduction to English society. But the most endearing tribute to him came from an unsuccessful author: "You are, Mr Murray, the only publisher at whose table an author who has misfired can sit at ease."

A *bon viveur*, a lover of gossip, and as good a conversationalist as any of his guests, Murray's fits of temper, when he might hit a stupid footman over the head with a leg of mutton, never lasted long. He was too optimistic and cheerfully indolent, always preferring to talk than to write letters and often driving his authors frantic with his dilatoriness. He was a good husband and a fond father to his daughters, though keeping his only son, John Murray III, very much in the background.

Manuscripts, especially of poetry, came flooding in during these happy years. Murray had an admirable piece of advice for verbose authors: "Like a diamond your work will sparkle more if cut." His own preference was for travel and biography. He was sympathetic to women writers and encouraging to the young. He had two perennial bestsellers by women on his list—Mrs Rundell's *Domestic Cookery* and Mrs Markham's *History of England*. Of course he made errors of judgment, the most regrettable being the rejection of Pepys's Diary which was offered to him in 182

The year before that Murray had bought himself a villa at Wimbledon to which to retire from bouts of "bile and rheumatism", brought on no doubt by his own dinners. Four years later he acquired a grand house in Whitehall Place, keeping on Albemarle Street as his business premises.

In 1825, when he was forty-eight, an old dream of starting a daily newspaper re-gripped Murray's imagination and led to the only disastrous mistake of his life. He found a partner after his own heart in the twenty-year-old Benjamin Disraeli, son of his old friend Isaac. Together they planned to bring out the *Representative* to rival *The Times*. Murray not only eventually lost £26,000 on this venture but the friendship of the D'Israelis when he spoke bitterly of Benjamin's conduct in fading out of the affair and leaving the full responsibility to his partner.

Retrenchment became essential. Both the Wimbledon villa and the house in Whitehall Place were given up and the family returned to live at Albemarle Street. Murray never seems quite to have recovered his spirit after this failure. He sold his interests in all his novels to other publishers and published no more living poets. He was, though, still to launch the first two volumes of his famous Hand-books in 1836 and 1837 (devised by the son but felicitously named by the father), and, in 1840, to introduce to the world a new genius (now so underrated) with the publication of George Borrow's *The Gipsies of Spain*, followed by *The Bible in Spain*, a bestseller.

Murray died rather suddenly on June 27, 1843, leaving the whole of his property, including his business and amounting to some £50,000, to his wife, thus putting a great burden on his son who was obliged to buy back the business from his mother.

John Murray VI and VII now dispense hospitality and cherish their authors behind the original brass plate at number 50, and one hopes it will not be very long before the two-year-old John Murray VIII begins to pull his weight; after all, Murray III was the firm's reader for children's stories at the age of six.

Mary Lutyens

Approaches to Marvell

The York Tercentenary Lectures

EDITED BY C. A. PATRIDES

Contributors: Christopher Hill, C. A. Patrides, A. J. Smith, S. K. Henniger Jr, Christopher Ricks, John Carey, Balachandra Rajan, Philip Brockbank, Louis L. Martz, Robert Ellrodt, Frank J. Warnke, Barbara Kiefer Lewalski, Joseph Anthony Wittrich Jr, Donald M. Friedman, John Dixon Hunt.

To commemorate the tercentenary of Andrew Marvell's death in 1678, eminent critics and historians have given a superb series of lectures at York University on the great poet's work and ideas. The contributors include many of the finest scholars from both sides of the Atlantic. In addition John Dixon Hunt has contributed a fascinating illustrated study of Marvell and the garden. This volume will provide a most stimulating and lively published contribution to the tercentenary. 0 7100 8818 3, 33 plates, £9.95

Routledge & Kegan Paul

39 Store Street, London WC1

The revolution show

To have turned the world upside down was a familiar Christian claim, and those who made it were always likely to meet resistance from people who thought the world would do quite well right side up. What made the position of the wilder enthusiasts of 1650 a bit different was that they had reason to think themselves on the winning side. Their apocalyptic freedom of thought and millennialist fervour had already a long history, and had animated not only the studious artisans celebrated by Milton in *Areopagitica* but their victorious masters also. But as Marvell noted, writing at the very moment when liberated thinkers in the ranks of the army supposed they might refuse to take part in Cromwell's pre-emptive strike against Ireland, "The same arts that did gain/A power, must it maintain." If it seemed reasonable to plain men, in the years immediately following the execution of the king, to take their stand and speak their minds on politics and religion, it seemed equally reasonable to their new masters to preserve public order in a time of crises by imprisoning or shooting them if necessary.

Two famous books have stimulated interest in these and related politico-religious movements. In *The Pursuit of the Millennium* Norman Cohn studied their recurring doctrinal and sociological characteristics, and in *The World Turned Upside Down* Christopher Hill assembled a great mass of information about the social and political manifestations of enthusiastic sects under the Commonwealth. Keith Dewhurst's play at the Cottesloe selects a few exemplary moments, works up some brief narrative sequences, and with the help of some music, dancing and spectacle puts on a show intended to entertain while instructing us in this interesting and hitherto somewhat neglected bit of history.

"Show", in fact, is a better word than "play". The show has a respectable history as propaganda, and its modern style, which goes back to the living newspaper, has always been simple and didactic, telling as much of the story as may help to establish a political point, and very little more. It would be wrong, therefore, to complain that this show is scrappy and prone to caricature (Cromwell looks like a drawing by David Levine) or that there are many interesting things in Hill's book which interested Mr Dewhurst hardly at all. Apparently it was the Diggers and the Ranters who seized his imagination: the first because of their primitive communism and reasonable claims on the common land, the second because of their intellectual and sexual libertinism. This is an acceptable choice, the more so since Winstanley was so attractive a personality.

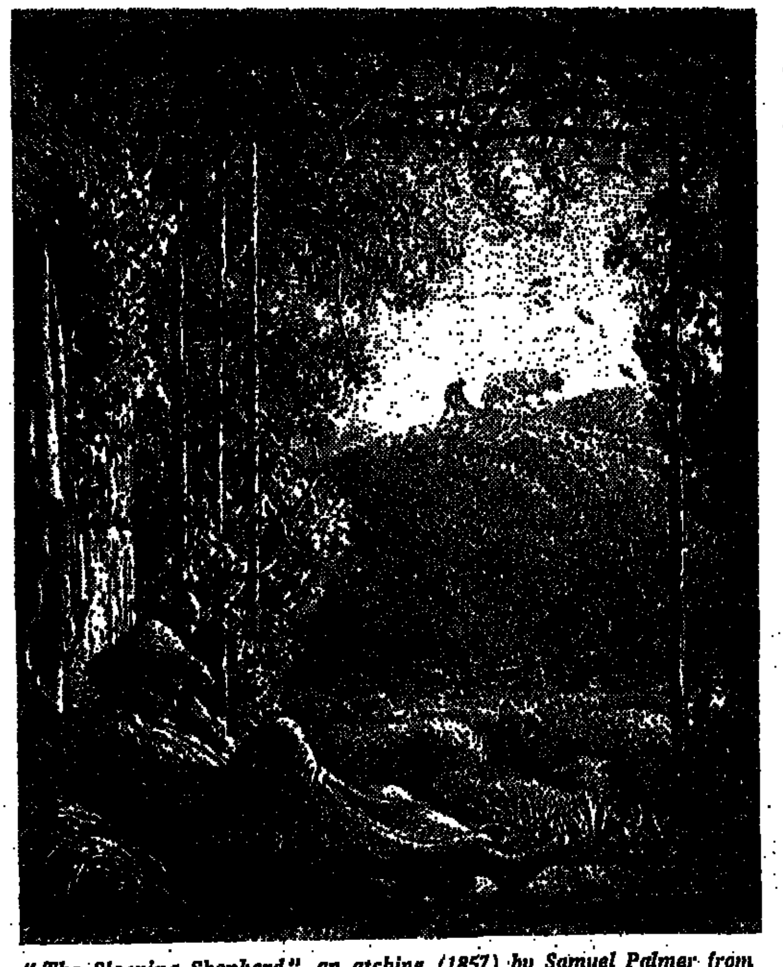
What one can reasonably carp at is the almost complete failure of the piece to give any real notion of the moral and intellectual atmosphere of millennialist enthusiasm. The interest always seems to be somewhere else. We see the Ranters at their innocent orgies, swearing, smoking and fornicating, but are given no sense whatever that sexual promiscuity could be a principled protest, or that it was the practical expression of a philosophy and a theology that was far more developed and far more interesting than anybody could possibly infer from this performance. Lawrence Clarkson, who is one of Dewhurst's principal exhibits, was a writer; here he appears only as an easy-going pedlar, picking up women where he can by pushing his doctrine that "no man could be freed from sin, till he had acted that so-called sin as no sin". One does not doubt he did so; but the seriousness of the doctrine is lost when there is no context of related ideas. Of Joseph Bauthumley, a much more interesting heretic than Clarkson, we hear nothing.

There is, in short, a disproportionate degree of attention to mere oddity of behaviour, and this prevents the communication of information that was presumably a large part of the intention. Abiezer Coppe, puffing, whistling, dancing, figures large; but we cannot get from him a sense of a time that seemed enormously privileged, a time when God himself was turning the world upside down. Such inspired foolishness was undoubtedly important; but you would not guess that the Cottesloe's crew of merry tinkers transmitted ideas serious enough to deserve the full attention of Blake.

The treatment of Levellers and Diggers is more decorous, though too much time is spent on the Burford Mutiny. It was an important event; as Hill remarks, Fairfax and Cromwell, in suppressing it so vigorously (or treacherously), virtually ended the threat to property. But this point was lost in inexplicably protracted displays of musket drill, as if the show were a tattoo. Like the long opening scene of the king's execution, and the scenes involving non-historical characters, the musket drill was there in case we got bored with ideas.

But the worst fault is a general dullness. The aspirations of such as Winstanley, the heady rejections of authority, of the Bible, the certainty that the earth was a common treasury, that custom had perverted sexuality—all these derive from an extraordinary if deluded happiness. At the Cottesloe there is only delusion and oppression. Hill remarks that it was the Quakers (hardly visible in this show) who survived best; in one sense readier to accommodate, in another they were tougher, and willing to suffer persecution. The sects who rested their hopes in this life rather than in the hereafter were the readiest to recant, and so they perished. Yet in those times—bad times, of war and bad harvests—they flourished; and their flourishing is important. This show, perhaps because *these* are also bad times, lacked all true sympathy with their enthusiasm.

Frank Kermode



"The Sleeping Shepherd", an etching (1857) by Samuel Palmer from the exhibition "Samuel Palmer: A Vision Recaptured" at the V and A. The first major showing of Palmer's work for fifty years, the exhibition is arranged in collaboration with the William Blake Trust. Palmer was a disciple of Blake, whom he met when he was nineteen; Blake encouraged him in the development of a personal style which resulted in the paintings and drawings of his "visionary" years (1824-36) during which he depicted the Kent countryside around Shoreham. In their introduction to the handsomely designed Commemorative Handbook published by Trianon Press Facsimiles—a non-profit organization—for the William Blake Trust (88pp with one facsimile. £5.80 until Christmas), Geoffrey Keynes and Arnold Fawcus write that this exhibition seeks to demonstrate that Palmer's early vision of the English countryside was recaptured in the last years of his life; "his imaginative genius . . . had not been dimmed by Victorian convention against which, like many of his contemporaries, he fought a losing battle". It brings together all the etchings, sketches and watercolours for the illustrations to Milton's shorter poems and Virgil's Eclogues, two great series on which he was working when he died, alongside paintings of the Shoreham period: many of the works on show have not been seen in public before. The exhibition runs until May 6, 1979.

The Restoration face

Anyone interested in Stuart England should try to see the Sir Peter Lely exhibition which the National Portrait Gallery is holding at 15 Carlton House Terrace until March 18. The NPG has been generous to the seventeenth century. In 1971 it gave us Sir Godfrey Kneller; in 1974 it showed us Samuel Cooper; and now it honours Lely with an exhibition of the highest distinction. The portraits, some of which are normally inaccessible to the public, have been brought from far and wide, and are arranged with impeccable sense and tact. Sir Oliver Millar's catalogue, the first substantial study of Lely for nearly thirty years, adds significantly to our understanding of his work.

Lely's output was immense, and there has had to be some stringent selection. The emphasis is on Lely's development and on the emergence and growing assurance of an individual style. Visitors may be more interested in the image Lely gives us of his times and in the Restoration period's choice of him as its leading portraitist. His technical accomplishment, brilliantly as the exhibition captures it, cannot hide the repetitiveness and the superficiality of characterization which have always impeded wholehearted delight in his work.

The dominance which Lely achieved under Charles II gives little cause for national self-satisfaction. A Westphalian who came to England in the early 1640s, he was heavily influenced by Van Dyck and was seen by the monarchy as Van Dyck's successor. The rival who eventually replaced him, Kneller, was another foreigner. Seventeenth-century England, whose writers made notable advances in biographical and psychological observation, failed to sustain a native tradition of portraiture, even when, after Van Dyck, the European competition was so thin. Perhaps the times were unpropitious. Restoration dramatists mocked the vanities and anxieties of the age: painters were paid to flatter them. There are those who think of Restoration England as a society morally shattered by the Civil Wars. They will not be converted from that view by Lely's rows of mean-lipped courtiers and aristocratic tarts, or by the vulgar mock-Roman and oriental costumes in which he decked his subjects.

Not all contemporaries admired Lely's portraits, although it is too easy to fall for the pithiness of Pepys's judgment: "Good, but not like". Pepys was writing of the Windsor Beauties. Lely's women sitters were usually more glamorized, or more idealized, than his men. To us, indeed, the accuracy of some of his male portraits may seem merciless. Has Lauderdale's reputation ever recovered from the ugliness and nastiness which Lely found in him? *Arrivistes* like the Perryer and Cotton families, who are made to look as if they have queued nervously for the honour of a sitting, receive similarly unsparing treatment. Pepys noted Lely's pride, and Lely may well have been the painter of whom Dryden wrote that "he always studied himself more than those who sat for him". Certainly Lely's self-portrait is one of the handsomest on display, while one of the collection's other treasures, a portrait of Sir William Temple, which we normally know only in the NPG's copy, bears an intriguing resemblance to it.

Yet the Temple portrait shows another side to Lely, a side to which the exhibition is perhaps inhibited by its aesthetic priorities from paying sufficient tribute. For all his pruriency, and for all his obsession with Lady Castlemaine, Lely could recognize worth of character. He found it in Temple; and he found it also in the "flagmen", the naval officers who had fought bravely under the Duke of York against the Dutch. The exhibition plays this famous group of portraits down, on the ground that—as so often in the period of Lely's prosperity — only the heads are by Lely. Yet those heads, which are admitted by the catalogue to be "among the most powerful he ever painted", may tell us as much about the public values Lely respected as his more extravagant work tells us about the ones to which he simply paid court.

The suspicion is heightened by the exhibition's masterly treatment of the pre-1660 Lely: a Lely as yet unsure in his touch, but also a Lely as yet unspoiled. Here we find a tender melancholy which is absent from the mature work. Among the pleasures from the 1640s there is the "clouded Majesty" of Charles I in captivity at Hampton Court; there are soulful girls with grave, intent eyes; and there is a splendid full-length portrait, fetched from Canada, of the parliamentary commander Sir Edward Massey.

The exhibition valuably stresses the importance to the early Lely of the patronage of a closely-knit group of peers who had patronized Van Dyck at court in the 1630s, but who reluctantly broke with the king in the Civil War: Northumberland, Salisbury, Pembroke and Leicester. These "noble defectors" were neither Cavaliers nor Roundheads. The division was a political, never a cultural one. Both sides were "puritan" in the 1640s, as Lely's Charles I reminds us. In the 1650s, colour and paganism resumed their customary places in English culture. Lely now painted both for conspiring Royalists and for the Cromwellian court (although only rarely for regicides, who tended to prefer Samuel Cooper). The prize of the selection from the 1650s, a portrait of Leicester's son Henry Sidney in Arcadian costume, has a freshness which Lely was rarely to achieve again. The exhibition shows how much else he achieved instead. It also shows the cost.

Blair Worden

The Arts Council Poetry Library, which houses perhaps the finest collection of modern poetry in the country, will be moving in December to 9 Long Acre, London WC2.

1478 1978 Oxford University Press

The Oxford Chekhov

Volume VII: Stories 1893–1895

Edited and translated by Ronald Hingley

Volume VII, the penultimate in this edition, contains Chekhov's entire output of fiction which was first published between December 1893 and February 1895. As usual, Dr Hingley has written a long and illuminating introduction in which he discusses the many key themes of these stories. £10

Towards Utopia

A Study of Brecht

Keith A. Dickson

Brecht's work is sustained by a belief in the perfectability of society. This is by no means obvious, since the image he projects seems often to be one of chaos and despair. This study seeks to reconcile these conflicting impressions by showing the true nature of Brecht's optimism in relation to his so-called 'alienation-effect' by which the reader or audience is encouraged to look beyond the chaos of the present into the Utopian potential of the future. £10

Faction and Parliament

Essays in Early Stuart History

Edited by Kevin Sharpe

These essays question the traditional picture of an early Stuart crisis in relations between Crown and Commons which led to civil war, and the development of modern parliamentary government. They indicate the need, and raise suggestions, for a re-evaluation of the period. £8.50

Puritans and Revolutionaries

Essays in Seventeenth-Century History Presented to Christopher Hill

Edited by Donald Pennington and Keith Thomas

These essays, presented to Christopher Hill on the occasion of his retirement from the Mastership of Balliol College, Oxford, are by fifteen historians who were once his pupils. They include some of the most eminent scholars of the period, and their contributions cover many different aspects and interpretations of the themes that have concerned him. £12.50

Anselm and Talking about God

G. R. Evans

This study examines the development of Anselm's thought treatise by treatise in the light of his early interest in the problems of language and epistemology which arise when we attempt to talk or write about God. £8.50

Triple fugue

By Lionel Robbins

LORD DROGHEDA :
Double Harness
396pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £10.

These long-awaited memoirs fully justify expectations. They make a long book. But the interest never flags ; and the variety of experience revealed and the shrewdness of its appraisals must make *Double Harness* absorbing reading for a very wide public.

Broadly speaking, the book falls into three parts. There is a personal section, vividly descriptive of the author's earlier life in his family and social circles. There is a second part giving an intimate account of his life with the newspaper, the *Financial Times*, with whose progress his name will always be connected, and the wider problems of the Newspaper Publishers Association of which at one time he was president. The third part is devoted to an inside story of his no less well-known connection with the Royal Opera House.

The more personal section reveals the character well known to his friends, audacious, percipient, quick in action, dedicated and essentially self-deprecatory. His father must have been one of the most attractive characters of his age: there is here printed a letter which he left for his son to open after he died which with its unpretentiousness and affection brings the tears to one's eyes. And the circle into which he was born and continued to move has included some of the most interesting personalities of our day. From boyhood he was attracted by the arts, in which preoccupation he has been aided and inspired by his wife Joan Moore, herself an accomplished and exquisite musician. All the multiplicity of characters appearing here are discussed with candour and, with one or two deserved exceptions, warmth of feeling.

The narrative of the author's connection with the *Financial Times*, from a very humble position to chairman of the Board, is extensive and, even to those intimately concerned later, the earlier stages will be revealing. It is clear that the association with the bewildering Brendan Bracken, with his occasional brashness, his caution and his loyalties, was important ; and ample tribute is paid to sides of his character which were not obvious to all with whom he came into contact. But though he modestly underplays his own part, it is clear to me at least that the outstanding status of the *Financial Times* was much more due to the author of these memoirs and to Gordon Newton, its editor for so many years. I well remember an incident at Bracken House during the unveiling of a bust of Brendan Bracken. I was standing by one who stood high in the organization; and as I didn't regard the bust as a particularly good likeness I remarked that it didn't seem to me to convey the image of the man who built up the FT. My companion turned to me with some indignation. "It wasn't Brendan", he said, "It was L.D.".

These chapters also afford incidental glimpses of the ardours and endurances under which our national newspapers are produced, more or less at the mercy of collective bargaining. All in all, this personal account of the internal working of a newspaper office, its external relations and its rise to a unique international position must have a wide significance for all who are interested in this aspect of public affairs.

An equally wide significance attaches to the account from the inside of the working of the Royal Opera House of which for many years Lord Drogheda was the devoted and very active chairman. Its existence as a national institution dates from the end of the Second World War, although its world-famous ballet owes its foundation earlier to the prodigious labours of Dame Ninette de Valois ; and it is no exaggeration to say that its success has been largely due to the combined leadership of two men, Lord Drogheda and David Webster, the late general administrator. John Waverley, the first chairman, was a rock of good sense and superb in a crisis. But the day-to-day preoccupation with the advancement of the enterprise which Drogheda and Webster brought to the task was not his habit ; and the emergence of the House to its present international standing dates largely from the combination of their very different talents. I doubt whether, at an early stage, they liked each other very much.

Webster's procrastination in answering letters was an anxiety to Drogheda ; and Drogheda's ceaseless interest in what Webster regarded as administrative detail gave rise to some friction. But gradually joint dedication to the future of the House created a mutual respect and understanding, the results of which, continued under the present chairman and general administrator, are there for all the world to see.

Lord Drogheda's account of his term of office is not a paean of self-congratulation. He is quite candid about mistakes he thinks he made—one conspicuously, which more justly might be attributed to Webster—and he is equally outspoken about the dismaying difficulties which he and his colleagues had to face, as their successors today have to face, with the growing pressures of inflation and forced economies in a community in which a national institution has to subsist on a fraction of the support from public services available to other houses of similar standing elsewhere. These are matters the disgrace of which is gradually becoming known to the more general public. The absorbing interest of this book is to read of the way in which the problems to which they give rise presented themselves from day to day to a mind passionately bent on their solution.

Soldiers of Destruction, by Charles W. Sydnor Jr, reviewed on October 20, is published by Princeton University Press at £14.30 (paperback £6.10) and not £28 as stated.

To the Editor

Mass-Observation and Fiction

Sir,—I was two-thirds through Valentine Cunningham's thought-provoking survey of fiction by James Hanley (November 10) when I came up against a statement that "he could occasionally sound just like Charles Madge praising the people's art that Mass-Observation techniques were supposed to uncover". It is a shock to come unexpectedly upon one's own name like that, but in this instance the shock turned to incredulity because the Charles Madge referred to did not "sound like" the person of that name with whom, for my sins, I have for the past sixty-six years been closely associated. True, from 1937 to 1940 I wrote or co-authored various books, pamphlets and articles on Mass-Observation or based on M-O material. Rash claims were made in these, and unlikely projects mooted, but I doubt if there was in them much, if any, praise or dispraise of "the people's art" and proletarian fiction. Admittedly this was forty years ago and memory plays tricks. I have looked through the few publications from that date which I have handy, and can find nothing in them to connect with the "Charles Madge" that James Hanley is alleged to have occasionally sounded like. Can Mr Cunningham give me a reference? Did he draw on some secondary source for his stereotype? Or did he simply invent it? If so, I would like to scotch it before it becomes an accepted part of 1930s mythology.

CHARLES MADGE.
28 Lynmouth Road, London N2 9LS.

Ritualists and Socialists

Sir,—In view of Edward Norman's generous praise of my book *Ritualism and Politics in Victorian Britain* (November 3) I hesitate to take up what he himself describes as a minor point. He contests my belief that what prompted ritualists in the Church of England to forsake Conservative for socialistic politics was the virtually unanimous attack made on them by the parliamentary establishment in the 1870s. The true reason, Dr Norman suggests, is simply that they were adapting to intellectual fashions prevalent among the contemporary ruling classes. Dr Norman's book *Church and Society in England 1770-1970* regards this habit as the besetting sin of establishment clergymen over 200 years ; and his current Reith Lectures are accusing the present Anglican leadership of the same fault.

It seems to me that Dr Norman is promulgating a useful but reductionist law. Something more is required to explain why, at one particular moment in the nineteenth century, ritualists should have begun to forsake traditional tractarian Toryism. My book uses private papers, pamphlets and other sources to show that the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874 was a decisive factor. It is unsubtle of Dr Norman to deploy his reductionist law to the exclusion of everything else.

JAMES BENTLEY.
Maurice Reckitt Research Fellow in Christian Social Thought, University of Sussex, Arts Building, Falmer, Brighton, Sussex BN1 9QN.

Alternative Shakespeare

Sir,—At the end of his essay on recent Shakespearean productions (October 27) S. Schoenbaum says that we need more alternative Shakespeare, in a "barebones playhouse", with "flow of action": "the Elizabethans knew the secret". He derives this idea from a production of *The Merchant of Venice* at Stratford's Other Place, which he saw in the company of two hundred nut-cracking delegates to the International Shakespeare Conference. He contrasts this primitive set-up with the luxuriously appointed Royal Shakespeare Theatre. But Mr Schoenbaum gives no justification whatever for his generalization, because his account of *The Merchant of Venice* does no more than describe a Shylock which would only have been unacceptable in Irving's Lyceum on grounds of taste: "At one point [he] pops a couple of pills in his mouth: tranquillizers, I thought . . .". I am not denigrating either the Lyceum or the Other Place, but think that Mr Schoenbaum's fashionable preference goes with blindness to the merits of an intelligent large-scale production in the main Stratford theatre, Barry Kyle's *Measure for Measure*.

Mr Kyle and his actors delineate almost every character without dogmatism and a real effort is made to distinguish the rhythm of this difficult play. Mr Schoenbaum mentions character only to gibe at superficies: Barnadine is "stark-naked" (he was not: I accompanied two teenage girls, who would have noticed), only that, when the main point about this Barnadine is that he is not old. Rhythm is not brought up, though one of the methods by which Mr Kyle achieves it is, that is, the "machinery" which is used to construct, swiftly, a new stage for the action of the last scene, a correctly ingenious manoeuvre. As a whole this production is simple, and it flows. Mr Kyle may, indeed, have learnt from the genuinely alternative theatre, a phrase which means more than simply being near enough the actors to count the pills.

I. D. MACKILLOP.
Department of English Literature, University of Sheffield, Sheffield S10 2TN.

Monarchy

Sir,—I would not expect my penchant for generalization to suit a historian of Conrad Russell's temperament, and might have anticipated a more savage mauling from his review of my *Order and Reason in Politics : Theories of Absolute and Limited Monarchy in Early Modern England* (November 3). But I would like the opportunity to correct two major inaccuracies.

Dr Russell laments that I do not explain what absolute monarchy is. In fact, I consistently apply the phrase to a doctrine which suggested that the royal prerogative was "unrestricted by such communal institutions as a representative assembly of the nation" (page 76). Dr Russell is entitled to take issue with the definition, which is rather different from denying its existence.

"The belief that the king was the head of the body politic need not lead, as Dr Eccleshall suggests, to the belief that 'the king alone was fitted for political activity'." I find this statement especially difficult to fathom. A central theme of the book is that many who acknowledged the headship of the king enjoined him to discharge certain of his public functions in association with the members of the body politic. This, indeed, was the hallmark of the theory of limited monarchy. Discussing the thought of Sir John Fortescue, who certainly did not believe that the monarch alone was fitted for political activity, I write: "a politically headless society was as absurd a notion as an acephalous natural body", (page 108).

Dr Russell correctly reminds us that "sheer factual accuracy" is an ideal to which all should aspire. Those who make a cult of brute fact have a peculiar responsibility to cultivate sedulously that particular virtue.

ROBERT ECCLESHALL.
Department of Political Science, The Queen's University of Belfast, Belfast BT7 1NN.

Kleist

Sir,—In connection with Idris Parry's comment on Heinrich von Kleist's essay "On the Marionette Theatre" (October 20) it may be of interest that an English translation by Don Gifford was on Ruth Vollmer's suggestion included in *Five Essays on Klee*, a Merle Armitage book published in 1950 and distributed by Duell Sloane and Pearce, New York.

MARGUERITE SOLMSSEN.
2206 Locust Street, Philadelphia PA 19103.

Members of the George Eliot Fellowship are to lay a wreath at the grave of George Henry Lewes in Highgate Cemetery next Thursday, November 30 at 11am (Swains Lane Gate, 10.40). That evening Gabriel Woolf will read from the novels in a programme entitled "George Eliot and Marriage" in the hall of Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute, Central Square, London NW11.

Among this week's contributors

GILES BARBER is Librarian of the Taylor Institute, Oxford.

ANNE BARTON is a Fellow of New College, Oxford. Her *Shakespeare and the Idea of the Play* was published in 1962.

DAVID BROMWICH teaches English at Princeton University.

JEROME BRUNER's books include *Beyond the Information Given*.

MARY CLIVE is the author of *Christmas with the Savages*, 1964, and *Jack and the Doctor*, 1966.

RICHARD CORK's *Vorticism and Abstract Art in the First Machine Age* was published in two volumes, 1976-77.

D. J. ENRIGHT's latest book of poems, *Paradise Illustrated*, was published this year.

BERNARD FERGUSSON's books include *The Trumpet in the Hall 1930-1958*, 1970; his collection of poetry, *Hubble-Bubble*, was published this year.

PETER FRANCE is the author of *Rhetoric and Truth in France*, 1972.

JOHN HOLLOWAY's books include *Planet of Winds* and *The Proud Knowledge*, both published last year.

MICHAEL HOLROYD's books include *Augustus John*, 1974-76.

W. G. HOSKINS is the author of *English Landscapes*, 1973, and *The Age of Plunder*, 1976.

FRANK KERMODE's books include *Modern Essays*, 1971, and *The Classic*, 1975.

JOHN LAHR's biography of Joe Orton, *Prick Up Your Ears*, was published this year.

MARY LUTYENS's recent books include *Millais and the Ruskins*, 1967 and *The Ruskins and the Grays*, 1972.

P. B. MEDAWAR's books include *The Hope of Progress*, 1972, and *Life Science*, 1977.

JANET MORGAN edited Richard Crossman's *Diaries of a Cabinet Minister*, 1975-77.

RODNEY NEEDHAM's most recent book is *Remarks and Inventions : Sceptical Essays about Kinship*, 1974.

RICHARD OLLARD's books include *Pepys*, 1974 and *This War Without an Enemy*, 1976.

ERIC RHODE is a child psychotherapist and author of *The History of the Cinema from its Origins to 1970*, 1976.

J. M. RICHARDS was editor of *The Architectural Review* from 1937 to 1971.

LORD ROBBINS is the author of *Political Economy Past and Present*, 1976.

A. C. SPEARING's *Medieval Dream-Poetry* was published in 1976.

E. S. TURNER's most recent book is *Amazing Grace*, 1975.

DANIEL WALEY is Keeper of Manuscripts at the British Library.

ALDEN WHITMAN is the author of *The Obituary Book*, 1971.

BLAIR WORDEN's *The Rump Parliament 1648-1653* was published in 1974.

PHILIP ZIEGLER's books include *Melbourne*, 1976, and *Crown and People*, 1978.

VICTOR CANNING
Birdcage
"Not simply exciting, but also decidedly satisfying".
H.R.F. Keating in The Times
"Utterly absorbing".
Jeremy Brooks in The Sunday Times
Heinemann

"Very rough and thick his hair was,/Very rough and red his face was,/Very dusty was his jacket,/Very fidgety his manner./And his overbearing sisters/Called him names he disapproved of". The youngest sitter in "Hiawatha's Photographing" by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by Arthur Burdett Frost. The picture is reproduced in The Illustrated Lewis Carroll, *edited by Roy Gasson (333pp. Jupiter Books. £7.50), a collection that includes the work of Sir John Tenniel, Henry Holiday, Arthur Rackham, Heath Robinson and Mervyn Peake and several photographs by Charles Dodgson himself. The book also includes the texts of* Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Through the Looking Glass, The Hunting of the Snark *and the originals of the parody verses in* Alice.

Comic champion

By Gavin Ewart

JEFF NUTTALL :
King Twist
A portrait of Frank Randle
147pp. Routledge. £5.95.

Arthur Hughes, later McEvoy, stage names Arthur Twist and Frank Randle, was born in 1901 and died in 1957. He was a boyhood friend of George Formby (of whom, latterly, he was furiously jealous) and one of the North's greatest music-hall comics.

Such men depend on the love and support of their fellow Northerners. Randle's audience, Jeff Nuttall writes, awaited him "in a kind of explosive reverence". Randle regarded Gracie Fields and Formby who "went South", as traitors (Nuttall, I think, has some of this feeling himself). He was a kind of Robin Hood, a working-class hero who bought drinks for the lads but defied managements and the big entrepreneurs, the villainous Southerners "with their cut-glass chat and their sideways smirks at his every gesture".

Nuttall deplores the standard architecture that is now destroying Northern cities, "the rising tide of concrete", mourns the aspidistras as outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace, and writes appreciatively of "a barmaid with a voice like a circular saw". His prose is fruity and atmospheric: "Each open door spilled out a different vomit of raucous music amplified by the shrieks of unbuttoned women, fags aslant from jammy mouths, who spilled out on the arms of uniformed escorts to scream and stagger their way to call for port in the next port of call" (Blackpool in the 1940s).

Besides describing this vanished background he gives a long and very detailed description of Randle on stage—the sort of thing Dickens might have written and rather reminiscent of his style ("Up goes the laughter, the huge buffeting cloud, and then down it comes, gently down"). Nuttall also has a Mr Jingle style: "Be a child. Don't grow. Can't anyway. No roots. Hate 'em." How can one describe a great comic? Max Miller's LP's give you something. Randle has one film, officially, remaining. But when the stage presence has gone, everything has gone—except in the memories of those who saw him.

After the scene is set, the Quest begins—as once, for Corvo. Nuttall visits old employers, an illegitimate son, goes backstage ("juveniles tittering under their fairy-doll paint, scattering down the corridor in their tatty tutus like cabbage whites"), discovers that Randle began (like Keaton) as an acrobat, trained as a boxer, escaped the wartime call-up (exactly how is not explained), had all his teeth extracted so that he could twist his face about like india-rubber, married Queenie, became King of the Northern Halls, was paid £1,000 a week in cash (most of it quickly spent), and developed his own line of drunken paranoia and arrogance ("manic sadism" says Nuttall).

The old comics used very few gags ; Randle had three sketches only. Variations and ad-libbing carried him through. His jokes were not subtle, or usually verbal. "Miniature baths ?" "Aye, one minute you're in and the next minute you're out!" This was sophisticated ; most of his material simply exploited taboos. Nuttall calls the North "the nation's arse". Miners stood on layers of their own excreta in the mines. Anal humour was therefore appropriate, "unceremonious, earthy, healthy". Northern vowels are, in fact, warm and comforting. Anyone who doesn't believe this should try saying "fucking Uxbridge" in the Southern voice—and then in the Northern.

Great comics can turn nasty. Randle, after differences with managements, smashed up star dressing-rooms ; he bullied Gus Aubrey (his homosexual stooge) ; was himself, as a manager, a tyrannical exploiter. All of this is in Nuttall's book, which gives the true flavour. There is one tiny error. Billy Bennett was billed as "Almost a Gentleman", not "Always a Gentleman".

Personal re-creations

By Michael Holroyd

ROBERT GITTINGS :
The Nature of Biography
95pp. Heinemann. £2.95.

In his essay on Boswell, Carlyle wrote that "History is the new poetry" and Robert Gittings echoes this opinion in his new book. The biographer of Keats and Hardy came to life-writing from what he calls "my attempts" at poetry-writing, and he still sees a relationship between the two arts. "To add to the many phrases which try to define the nature of biography", he writes, "it is for me poetry with a conscience."

This phrase calls to mind Desmond MacCarthy's description of the ideal biographer as an artist upon oath. Not long ago such twentieth-century conceptions of the biographer's place in literature would have sounded as strange conceits. As Mr Gittings notes, biography began as praise. Its impulse was much the same as that which inspired the famous chapter in *Ecclesiasticus*: "Let us now praise famous men." This was the spirit in which Plutarch wrote his *Lives*—"to hold up an example before others". In medieval European times, the Latin chronicle was a form of official history and the reward for success. This was the age not of biography but of hagiography and the stress was constantly on virtue and great deeds, prompting in us, the readers, a spirit of wonder and a passion for imitation.

The "laudatory chronicle was a pre-Renaissance idealization of man under God's rule", writes Mr Gittings. "The Renaissance, with its emphasis on man as individual, ushered in its opposite." In Mr Gittings's view the first signs of modern biography came with Sir Thomas More's *Richard III*, the Life of More himself by his son-in-law William Roper and Cavendish's *Wolsey*. Such works brought a new breath into biography: human character and detail keep breaking through.

But it is with two seventeenth-century miniaturists, Izaac Walton and John Aubrey, that we can see the biographer as a conscious artist at work for the first time. Walton with his skilfully managed asides and digressions, and that amiable old goose Aubrey with his sharp ear and eye and his engaging style both welded scientific observation to imaginative art.

"A biography should either be as long as Boswell or as short as Aubrey's", wrote Lytton Strachey. But it is to Johnson, whose life-studies fall between these two lengths, that we look as the father of modern biography. "Life itself is what interests Johnson, and what he assumes will interest us", writes Mr Gittings. This is surely correct, but I wish he had found room to quote and comment on some of Johnson's *obiter dicta* on biography.

The biographer's chief business, Johnson believed, was not to dwell on "those performances and incidents which produce vulgar greatness", but to "lead the thoughts into domestic privacies and to display the minute details of private life". After his *Lives of the Poets* appeared, so Boswell tells us, a "feeble, though shrill outcry" was raised against him and, because of his severity to Gray, Milton, Swift and others, he was credited with all the defects in human nature that are regularly attributed to biographers. But Johnson was able to take care of himself. "If we owe regard to the memory of the dead", he declared, "there is yet more respect to be laid to knowledge, to virtue and truth. There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection. We therefore see whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyric, and not to be known from one another but by extrinsic and casual circumstances."

Johnson was incorrigibly preoccupied with human nature and Boswell was an inveterate gossip. But Boswell took Johnson's precepts to heart and in his *Life of Johnson* brought him wonderfully back to life for us. Those who pride themselves on their dignified superiority to personal gossip may produce the beautifully embalmed and prize-winning book, but they will never approach this miracle of literary resurrection, which should be the aim of all biographers.

After Boswell came the Victorian blight. The general parade of biography was again one of uniform panegyric. It had gone back to the medieval practice of establishing heroism and applauding public virtue. "This was almost entirely due to the Evangelical movement and its hold on the emerging middle classes", Mr Gittings writes.

> The Evangelical doctrine of salvation, and the exclusiveness of those saved, laid tremendous, and to us now frightening stress on conduct to maintain that state. No amusement, no relaxation, no light or trivial reading in particular, was permitted. . . . Every word must be improving. . . . The effect on biography, still more on biographers, was disastrous. The biographer's heroes and heroines could do no wrong ; and any that they did was swept under the carpet.

In a review of Lockhart's *Walter Scott*, Carlyle uttered a lyrical complaint against Victorian biography. "How delicate decent", he protested, "is English biography bless its mealy mouth !"

> A Damocles's sword of *Respectability* hangs for ever over the poor English life-writer (as it does over poor English life in general), and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. . . . The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his biography he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong. The plain consequence was that, properly speaking, no biography whatever could be produced.

Mr Gittings does not quote this attack, but he names Carlyle as one of three biographers who to some extent escaped this claustrophobic atmosphere—the other two being Mrs Gaskell in her *Charlotte Brontë* and Froude in his Life of Carlyle. He makes no mention of G. O. Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, Morley's *Gladstone*, Stanley's *Arnold*, Ward's *Newman* or Samuel Smiles's *Lives of the Engineers*, all of them recently used by A. O. J. Cockshut in *Truth to Life* to demonstrate that for "nearly two centuries we have been living in a golden age of biographical writing". Mr Gittings believes that this seam of gold is only half a century long. "These fifty years have been a golden age of biography", he writes, and goes on to describe modern biography as "one of the most satisfying and established achievements of our present age". If we are to judge by what remains in print then Mr Gittings must have the edge of the argument over Mr Cockshut, but I wish he had taken the argument on.

The man who brought back to biography what it had lost since Boswell was, Mr Gittings regrets, Lytton Strachey. If only it could have been someone else ! Strachey, in his fashion, was as disreputable a character as Boswell. He appears in Mr Gittings's pages as a self-contradictory figure, doing the right things for all the wrong reasons, relying on third-hand sources, using passages without proper acknowledgment, substituting psychological innuendo and sex for God and religion. And yet: "After Strachey, no good biographer has dared to be less than an artist. Biography designed as literature derives mainly from him."

Mr Gittings has written a knowledgable, wise and charming book: but it is too slight. Based on the Jessie and John Danz Lectures which he delivered at the University of Washington, Seattle, in June 1977, it was planned as "a comprehensive view of biographical writing by English writers on English subjects". As such it is inadequate since, as Mr Gittings himself admits, a "much longer book would have been needed to do justice to the whole sweep of biographical writing". It is a double pity that Mr Gittings did not take the chance of doing this when translating his lectures into a book instead of reproducing them "with very little alteration". A substantial critical survey of modern biography is badly needed and few could do it with Mr Gittings's lightly-worn scholarship, his quiet and sensible approach and his engaging optimism.

For Mr Gittings is an optimist—perhaps every biographer needs to be. He rightly sees the gain brought to the art of life-writing by the appearance of women biographers; he believes that, since all Lives must be personal, our post-Freudian spirit of self-analysis has made us more honest biographers; and he recognizes that biography today is more dramatic and closer to life than at any time since Johnson and Boswell. "Biography is no longer viewed as a kind of poor relation to either literature or history", Mr Gittings happily concludes. "It is even academically recognized. . . Courses are taught, and students gain credits purely in biography."

These are certainly barometric signs of an advance by the clouds of respectability. But for the most part "biografiends" as Joyce called them are still much feared. Every great man has his disciples, Oscar Wilde wrote, and it is always Judas who writes the biography. "While there's death there's hope", said James Pope-Hennessy, but biography has been seen by many as adding a new terror to death. Auden, Eliot, Maugham, Orwell all stipulated that no biography should be written of them. This "golden age" of biography has been deplored by many reviewers of biographies who class it as a peculiarly English substitute for genuine literary criticism. For biography is not generally treated as part of literature but part of journalism: it finds little place in encyclopaedias of "creative" writing, but is given long reviews in the newspapers.

Like some illegitimate child of history and the novel, it is still out in the cold and this, though uncomfortable for biographers, is probably good for their books. For it helps to keep them in closer touch with actual life, from which its energy arises, rather than lying under the artificial sun of academe where too much literature now basks away its vitality.

George Herbert: An Annotated Bibliography of Modern Criticism 1905-1974 by John R. Roberts (280pp. University of Missouri Press. $28) includes descriptions of 800 items of Herbertiana beginning with the three-volume edition of *The English Works* edited by his namesake, George Herbert Palmer. Other items range from "very minor efforts, often more inspired by Christian zeal and enthusiasm than by critical thought and reflection" to "major contributions to our understanding and appreciation not only of the poetry and prose of Herbert but also of the art and sensibility of the early seventeenth century, of metaphysical poetry and poets as a whole, and, in some cases, even of the very nature of poetry itself and of the poetic process".

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Ends in view

By Janet Morgan

ROBERT BOOTHBY :
Boothby
Recollections of a Rebel
272pp. Hutchinson. £6.95.

RICHARD MARSH :
Off the Rails
214pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.95.

Lord Boothby, at seventy-eight, is an old man who has written "a book of memories which might otherwise be forgotten". Sir Richard Marsh, now fifty, middle-aged, has set down the story of the first half of his life, "to close the pages of the past" after the death of his second wife. Both mark an end but, while Boothby finishes his reminiscences with a draft programme for his own memorial concert, Marsh hints at the new world which is opening up before him. Both write to indulge themselves, but we can forgive this, for each, in his own way touching and thought-provoking, is moved by a mixture of amazement, good humour and, mindful of death and of human resilience, awe.

In origins Robert Boothby and Richard Marsh are very different. The first remembers Eton and Oxford, cricket, strawberries and cream; the second Swindon, an asphalt playground, the cinema, a saveloy and lemonade shandy with his father and, with his grandmother, a basin of faggots and peas. As a schoolboy Boothby counted fifty Dreadnoughts at anchor, above and below the Forth Bridge, and was taken on board the flagship of Admiral Leveson, a family friend. From 1914 to 1918 he heard in College chapel, every Sunday, the names of "the heroes of my youth", killed "one by one". Richard Marsh grew up in the next World War. He was evacuated to his grandmother's house and then, back in London, queued for potatoes and slept under the stairs. He left school at fourteen.

Like Boothby, though, Marsh absorbed politics early. Not at the dinner-table from an uncle who was Governor of the Bank of England, or from a father who had beaten Baldwin in a school fathers' race (by accidentally winding him with his elbow), but from Albert Neal, an evacuee taken in by his uncle, the secretary of the Swindon Communist Party, and from reading two newspapers a day to his grandmother. This exercise launched Marsh, he believes, upon moral decline. He realized that, by advancing "our troops 50 miles on all fronts she would be in such a good mood that I would certainly obtain the price of a cinema seat. The skill came in getting them back into their real position over the next few days by a series of strategic withdrawals, without upsetting her. I have always thought that Montgomery and Auchinleck fought a far less difficult war than I."

After a brief spell in Walter Monckton's chambers, Boothby was invited in 1923 to join Baldwin's secretariat. In the same year he fought his first election and in 1924 became the Conservative member for East Aberdeenshire, a constituency he was to represent for thirty-four years. Richard Marsh, for his part, joined the Abbey Wood Ward of the Erith Labour Party at the age of sixteen and, during spells of leave from the army, founded various local Young Socialist branches. He wrote to Transport House, asking for a job, and got it. A scholarship at Ruskin was followed by eight years as Health Services Officer for the National Union of Public Employees and in 1959 he became Labour member for Greenwich. He held that seat for eleven years.

Thus both authors entered the Commons at an age younger than the average—Boothby at twenty-four, Marsh at thirty-one. From this vantage point they watched events, and men. Is it merely the lapse of time that makes Lloyd George, Roosevelt, Churchill, seem more interesting than Bevan, Gaitskell or Wilson, and the Slump, the New Deal, the efforts to prevent a Second World War more vivid than the activities of the 1964-70 Labour Government? Or is it that the authors' perspectives differ in other than chronological ways?

Boothby is interested in foreign as well as home affairs. For him they are connected, not just with each other but also with his social world (and he drops names as briskly as his preface promises). Marsh, however, focuses his attention on domestic matters and on the Cabinet's internal rivalries, and their outward manifestations in policy terms. Marsh writes, honestly, about the other worlds that fascinated him—particularly the society of businessmen and bankers—but it is not, as for Boothby, all one. These were for Marsh separate and distinct circles. The characters Boothby describes are more varied and numerous, drawing life from their surroundings and from each other. In comparison, Marsh's cast seems pale.

Moreover, Boothby likes Parliament. True, he became, briefly, a junior minister and this, with an earlier period as Churchill's PPS, meant that he was not wholly dependent for parliamentary amusement on the preoccupations of the backbenches. None the less Boothby chose to remain in the Commons even after what appears to have been an extraordinary hounding there, in the 1940s, over the "Czech assets" case. His ministerial career was never resumed (less, perhaps, by reason of that episode than as a result of chance and indiscretion), but he stuck it out. In 1958 he went to the Lords.

Boothby asserts that on radio and television he felt "at home from the start", more so than in the House of Commons. As Lord Woolton remarked, journalism, radio and television offered a perfect career for an MP with a safe seat, who was no good at intrigue and incapable of keeping his mouth shut. Comfortable with musicians and writers, possessed of a burgundy voice, thick hair and emphatic eyebrows, definite features and fluent irreverence, Boothby was indeed ideally equipped for a métier that requires its masters to be a little larger than life. But this was less to repudiate Parliament than to exercise, in a different arena, skills of argument, debate, presentation and self-projection. The media gave Boothby more obvious power than Parliament ever did, but they only augmented his world of flamboyant eccentrics and sensitive performers.

Sir Richard, by contrast, could not stomach the House of Commons. A back-bench MP, he states, does not have very much to do except remain "superficially busy", and the House of Commons quickly became extremely irritating to him. "It was a totally different world, unique with a mixture of undisciplined chaos, of phoneyness, of history, of power, of the appearance of power, of people who discovered that, having reached the summit of their ambition, they had in fact condemned themselves to a lifetime of total frustration." Sir Richard's description of the "normal backbencher's day" (reminiscent of Aneurin Bevan's account of the life of the "tea-room boy") makes instructive and melancholy reading.

Though Marsh, Minister of Power in 1966 and of Transport in 1968, climbed further than Boothby up the ministerial tree, in 1969 he resigned, "the youngest sacked Cabinet Minister of the century", in a reshuffle and in the wake of much fundamental disagreement with the Prime Minister. In 1971 he left Parliament for the British Railways Board: "I enjoyed the Board Room much more than the debating chamber of the House of Commons." Five years later, finally exasperated by a letter from a minister at the Department of the Environment concerning the transportation of pigeons who had lost their way while racing, Marsh resigned. He is now the chairman of the Newspaper Publishers' Association, chairman of Allied Investments and, in ultimate disillusionment, has announced his intention of voting Conservative at the next election. Whether or not it is true, as Sir Richard has maintained to his friends, that he is a better businessman than politician, certainly he now finds parliamentary life profoundly distasteful.

The fundamental difference in attitude which Boothby, at one end of the spectrum, and Marsh, at the other, have towards the Commons is reflected in their style of describing parliamentary colleagues and in the manner with which they demolish policy decisions.

Lord Boothby's appraisals of fellow members are rounded and, even in the now notorious passages about Sir Winston Churchill, compassionate. Sir Richard, while not withholding deserved respect or praise, seems bitter. Where actions and policies are concerned, Lord Boothby demonstrates what advocates of keeping Commons' business on the floor of the House, rather than in committee, identify as the proper parliamentary virtues. They would say that by observing his back and front-bench neighbours, keeping himself well informed about constituency affairs and chosen specialisms, with the exercise of forensic skill, shrewd assessment of men and an eye for fallacy, pomposity and humbug, the professional House of Commons man plays an effective role. Boothby exemplifies this—and on many issues his judgment has proved sound. He seems to have been with us for ever, whereas Sir Richard appears always to have only just arrived.

But both men are somehow endearing, Boothby with his dated slang and florid sentences, punctuated with terse, often verbless conclusions, and Marsh, whose "fantastic", "super", "terrific" march oddly with his sardonic—and occasionally tasteless—jokes. Many of the stories in *Recollections of a Rebel* and *Off the Rails* will have a familiar ring to friends and acquaintances of the authors; they are none the worse for rehearsal and each of these books does, indeed, constitute a summing-up.

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In the family

By Mary Clive

NICOLETTE DEVAS :
Susannah's Nightingales
184pp. Collins. £6.50.

To construct a consecutive narrative out of scrappy records covering a couple of centuries is not easy, and Nicolette Devas has dealt with the problem of how to present the story of her mother's unusual, but badly documented, family by intertwining it with episodes from her own life. The result is an entertaining ramble, up and down and round and round, the author now pausing to admire the view, now dashing off at a tangent, while the reader, provided mercifully with good maps and a genealogical table, follows as best he can.

The starting-point is a French farmhouse, the Maison Majolier in the village of Congénies which lies in a wild stretch of country to the west of Nîmes. It was a district much given to heresy and Protestantism, and in 1788 a party of English Quakers descended on Congénies, having somehow discovered that there was a local sect whose beliefs were similar to their own; sure enough, they were welcomed with open arms and a number of earnest folk joined the Quakers on the spot. The most active of the new converts was a young man named Louis-Antoine Majolier, and when, in 1821, the French Quakers were permitted to establish a Meeting-house, this was built next to the Maison Majolier. Locally known as the Temple, it became famous as being the only Friends' Meeting-house in the whole of France.

It was the Quaker connection which brought the Majoliers to London and made them wealthy, but by the time we get to Ted Majolier, who was the great-grandson of Louis-Antoine and the grandfather of Nicolette Devas, piety has faded out of the picture, although Ted continued to work for the Quaker firm of corn-chandlers in which his father was a partner. In 1885 he married Susannah, the pretty daughter of an impoverished Irish landowner. Susannah was extravagant and she splashed money about in Earls Court and Cannes and, in due course, at the Maison Majolier. The old farmhouse she renamed Bel Ombre and she installed water-closets from the Army and Navy Stores, a bath heated by a steam-engine, a tennis-court, a croquet ground and a mosquito-proof garden *pavillon* equipped for bridge. Ted grumbled at the expense but paid up, consoling himself with a French mistress and a second family. Susannah, capricious and violent, though always very elegantly dressed, was held in great awe by the people of the village. She was helped with her accounts by Elie Jaulmes, a distant cousin who lived nearby and whose father had acted as bailiff during the long absences of the Majoliers. Susannah's children used to hang over the banisters to listen to their mother shouting at Elie: "We rather enjoyed hearing him cursed like a dog. Mother used to say terrible things to all of us. We were all frightened of her temper." This was written by the eldest daughter, Yvonne; later she rebelled and eloped with a lively Irishman.

Nicolette, daughter of Yvonne, was ten when she paid her first visit to Bel Ombre; her grandmother was by then an elderly widow and the garden had gone to pieces, but the child was enchanted with it all. She had been brought up in a permissive, bohemian way, and she found Granny Susannah, with her strict, old-fashioned ideas, a great relief—and even inspiring.

During the war the house was looked after by an heroic cousin (who contributes an admirable description of how she coped with the German occupation), and afterwards the whole place was sold by the last surviving Majolier; this caused some ill-feeling, and many years elapsed before Nicolette Devas ventured forth on the sentimental pilgrimage with which her book begins.

Naturally there had been changes. The beloved home had been cut up into flats and the garden and farm were owned by none other than Elie Jaulmes, the bailiff whom her grandmother had "cursed like a dog". The name Jaulmes is a corruption of *jaune*, and yellow paint was everywhere; nevertheless, he turned out to be a perfectly delightful old man with a splendid memory for bygone days and a great interest in family history. As for the Temple, it proved to be in good repair and inhabited by an ardent Quaker lady.

Nicolette Devas skilfully conveys the glamour of her grandmother's house and garden, though her determination to find a deep significance in trifles is a little irritating. And I must point out two lapses of the sort which tend to destroy the credibility of a witness. Cones from umbrella pines are notoriously big but could one have been the size of a large pineapple? And did the fastidious Susannah really boil her silver teapot on a spirit-lamp—surely she used a kettle?

Commando style

By Bernard Fergusson

LORD LOVAT :
March Past
A Memoir
397pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £7.95.

The many Lords Lovat (the author of *March Past* is the seventeenth) and their offspring have been notable over the centuries for three things in particular: good looks, courage and arrogance. The author's father, however, while fully endowed with the first two, was lacking in the third: he was a singularly modest man, despite his achievements, his wide popularity, and his services to people, county and country.

There is more than a touch of arrogance in his son's book, and more than a hint that the Frasers and their kin regard themselves as something of a chosen race. So indeed they are in a way, with their long lineage, their broad acres and their links with the closely knit community of Scottish and English Catholicism. They have always risen impulsively to every challenge, sometimes to the detriment of their fortunes, as in 1745. The two challenges which the present Lord Lovat faced were his unexpectedly early succession to the family estates, and the Second World War; he rose to both superbly.

We were born within two months of each other, and at one time I knew him well, though I have not seen him for thirty-five years. But many of the friends and contemporaries of whom he writes, of whom all too many were killed in the war, were friends of mine also; and it is good to see their virtues so generously and worthily extolled.

It is tempting to twit Lord Lovat for his mis-spelling of proper names and other solecisms: *Chausé* for *chaussée*, Jacobs for Jacob, Courtney for Courtney, Dolan for Dollan, Mullineaux for Mulleneux, Marmian for Marmion; for misquoting *Eheu Fugaces*, for knighting Stewart of Garth, for writing of "peacemeal" and "The Slim Red Line", and (twice) "corps elite"; for putting Anthony Kimmins in the RNVR, and Fitzroy Maclean, his own brother-in-law, into Parliament for the wrong constituency; for describing *Niger* and *Dido* as "capital ships", and for misquoting R. L. Stevenson. But all these are trivial lapses in a book which is, for the most part and for all its discursiveness, highly entertaining.

Lovat was born with more than a silver spoon in his mouth. He was especially fortunate in that he was not only a born naturalist, but was able to indulge that endowment in the wide expanse of moor and river which was his heritage. Cold and discomfort, rain and snow were no deterrent to him: he revelled in them every bit as much as in the fleshpots of London.

After Ampleforth and Oxford, he spent a few years in the Scots Guards before transferring his military allegiance to part-time service in the Lovat Scouts: that unit which his father had raised, largely from gillies and keepers, for service in the South African War, and of which the only counterpart was its friendly rival, the Scottish Horse, recruited from similar sources and for the same purpose by the Duke of Atholl. By the time war broke out, he had had various adventures in the Americas. Irritated by the inertia of his commanding officer, he transferred to the newly-raised Commandos. The time was ripe for him; he soon had his own command. His innate courage and panache, his sense of being a hereditary chief, a certain ruthlessness, a readiness to defy incompetent superiors, an undoubted efficiency: all these combined to make him one of the most successful junior independent commanders of the war. His name will always be linked with his two triumphant forays across the Channel to Bruneval and Dieppe, and with his contribution to the success of D-Day in Normandy.

March Past is an unusual book. It combines a rugged and honourable refusal to accept the lower standards of a changing world with passages of great beauty and sensitivity. Its skilfully limned character-sketches vary from the affectionate to the venomous: Lord Lovat is gentle towards Roger Keyes, damning towards Evelyn Waugh. His title is apt, for this is a "March Past" indeed; and it is wholly in character that, as he marches past, he should cock an occasional snook.

A President in private

By Alden Whitman

MARGARET LEECH and HARRY J. BROWN :
The Garfield Orbit
369pp. New York: Harper and Row. $15.

ALLAN PESKIN :
Garfield
716pp. Ohio, Kent: Kent State University Press (Pandemic). £13.

Eulogizing President James A. Garfield shortly after his death by assassination in September 1881, James G. Blaine, his friend and Republican rival for the presidential nomination the previous year, extolled him as "strictly the organ of his party". As memories of the man faded, what was uttered in praise became the pejorative judgment of most historians; and Garfield, when he was discussed at all, was dismissed as a pleasant nullity and habitual compromiser. Even so probing a writer as Matthew Josephson could find nothing very good nor very bad to say about him in *The Politicos*, his masterly study of the politics of the Gilded Age. There he is portrayed as a President without "appetite for the maddening contests over office, the sieges by mobs of place-seekers".

Josephson's assessment of Garfield as "an attractive speaker who even possessed some learning" but lacking in genuine strengths of character or boldness of personality is so generally accepted that he has been dross for biographers. Indeed, although he left a copious collection of papers, including diaries, letters and overdue library notices, the last full biography appeared about fifty years ago.

Now there is a comparative embarrassment of riches. Margaret Leech had been at work on her book for four or five years when she died in 1974; the task of completing it was undertaken by Harry J. Brown, a professor of history at Michigan State University and co-editor of *The Diary of James A. Garfield*, who prepared the final three (of twelve) chapters. Meantime, dredging the same sources as Mrs Leech and Professor Brown but seemingly not crossing paths, Allan Peskin, associate professor of history at Cleveland State University, has produced his friendly study.

Both books reach essentially the same conclusion about Garfield. As ably summarized by Professor Peskin, this view argues that

> his career seemed to embody the national ideal of the self-made man, rising from log cabin to White House in unbroken ascent, propelled to success by character, piety and ability—a living exemplar of the blessings of adversity. Yet, far from being a simple, inspirational success story, Garfield's life was actually tangled in contradictions: a pacifist turned soldier, an educator turned politician, a preacher turned economist, a man of essentially literary tastes cast in the role of party chieftain, a husband who, at length, fell in love with his wife, and a man racked by self-doubts who was, at the same time, convinced of his high destiny. And, above all, the central contradiction of his career: here was a misplaced intellectual thrown into the stage of public life, moving restlessly between the worlds of action and introspection, drawing strengths from each but at home in neither.

The books differ in emphasis. Professor Peskin's *Garfield* is a conventional political biography, meticulous in its scholarship, sparing in its prose. Leech and Brown's *The Garfield Orbit* focuses more on the personal life, providing those "small details" that Saint-Simon judged indispensable to capturing "the essential flavour" of the past. The Leech/Brown book also elaborates the theme of self-improvement. Neither book, however, succeeds in anchoring Garfield's era to the American history that preceded or followed it, with the result that his significance is difficult to pin down. None of the writers seems to understand the business-political complex of the Gilded Age, or Garfield's place within it; yet he was shaped in the matrix of the business-political relationship for the seventeen years he was in Congress.

Accepting Garfield's reputation as a nondescript politician, *The Garfield Orbit* hews to the theme developed by a much earlier biographer, Horatio Alger Jr, that tireless celebrant of American upward mobility through pluck and luck. Shortly after Garfield was elected President with a plurality of only 7,368 votes, Alger burst into print with *From Canal Boy to President*, which pictured its hero as an exemplary self-made man. The Leech/Brown reading is, of course, infinitely more sophisticated, more filigreed and more stylish than Alger's, yet it does not substantially alter his formula; nor does it invest Garfield with greater political distinction than Josephson accorded him. It does, however, paint a fascinating picture of American Victorian religious and sexual tensions, drawn largely from Garfield's self-examining diaries and letters and from those of his wife and intimate friends.

Garfield was indeed impressively self-made. Born in a rude log house in the Western Reserve of Ohio in November 1831, he was the youngest child of Abram and Eliza Garfield, both recent converts to the newly organized Disciples of Christ sect, a brainchild of the zealous Alexander Campbell, the millennialist who believed himself the herald of a new Reformation. His disciples preached the unity of all Christians in one community, repentance, baptism by immersion and imitation of Christ's first disciples in their presumed purity of daily conduct.

Abram died when his son was eighteen months old, leaving a wife and four young children. Ordinarily, frontier wives remarried quickly for economic reasons but, with help from relatives, Eliza managed to survive husbandless for some years, lavishing the while an abundant and possessive love on James. Eventually she remarried in 1842, but the couple split up a year later in what are still mysterious circumstances, and the stepfather was erased from Garfield's history. She expurgated her second husband from all accounts of her life, and he mentioned his stepfather only at his death and then with anger. Leech/Brown suggest that the second marriage "deeply complicated James's feelings about his mother", since at fifteen he was alternately a clinging mother's boy and a resentful runaway.

This was when he had his brief experience as a canal boy, guiding barge horses on the towpath between Cleveland and the Ohio River. Illness sent him home to mother and to five months of emotional anguish, as a result of which he yielded to her pleas to attend a church-run school, the seventeen-year-old's first venture into the world of the intellect.

Eager, by his own account (he began his diaries at seventeen), to "rise above the grovelling herd" and to attain "the fair temple of Fame", the youth discovered that he was likable and that he had "good times" learning the rudiments of grammar. Simultaneously, he became a converted Disciple, imbibing from the Campbellites the narrow pieties of that lower-middle-class sect. At the Disciples' Eclectic Institute, which he attended into the middle of 1854, Garfield's thirst for education was quickened and his religious faith confirmed. Left unresolved were his abundant sexual tensions, which he feared might lead him into an injudicious marriage.

He almost took a fateful mis-step by "trading hearts" with another Eclectic student, and only with difficulty extricated himself after his mother had decided that the young lady "was not worthy" of her James. He eventually settled on the outwardly demure Lucretia (Crete) Rudolph, as patient and understanding a woman as he could possibly have chosen. But before they were married Garfield went east to Mark Hopkins's Williams College, an academic experience that Professor Peskin describes much better than do Leech/Brown. He draws the line, however, at recounting Garfield's sexual involvement with Rebecca Selleck, the uninhibited Disciple to whom he lost his virginity. For Leech/Brown this incident, which is recited in explicit detail, exemplifies Garfield's ambiguousness.

Pledged in honour to Crete yet passion-bound to Rebecca, he shilly-shallied for three years, in which he obtained his Williams degree ("The ideal college is Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other", he remarked in his celebrated aphorism) and returned to administer the Eclectic Institute and to preach. Finally, in 1858, he chose the comfort and serenity offered by Crete, but not before he had made it plain that he was marrying her "as a matter of duty". Four years later, when Crete's emotional defences were down, she suddenly lost her primness in bed, and from that point Garfield rejoiced that the "fragrance of the 'alabaster box' . . . so long sealed, has been broken at last". To the end of his brief life, he was a devoted husband, if one excepts one or two brief fleshly flings.

Although some may blanch at the Leech/Brown approach, it does create sympathy for Garfield as a man with a modern angst. He is almost more interesting psychologically than he is politically.

As Garfield was working out his marital compromises, he was also perfecting his oratorical skills, first as an Eclectic student, then as a preacher and later as a fledgling politician. Little explored or understood, platform oratory played a significant role in American nineteenth-century life; in cities and the countryside, it provided emotional catharsis, drama and even some information, all beribboned in grandiloquence. Daniel Webster, in his prime, was one of the country's greatest orators, but he was only one of scores who could hold an audience transfixed for two or three hours.

Such oratory, carefully cultivated and pruned of excessive gesture, was among Garfield's most solid political assets. (Professor Peskin shrewdly remarks that Garfield thought politics consisted chiefly of making speeches.) Running for the Ohio legislature in 1860, he delivered more than fifty speeches at Republican rallies, only a few of them under two hours in length. Later on, when he was earning Blaine's encomium, he was counted on as the wheelhorse orator. Complain he might of fatigue, headaches, or dryness of throat, he was invariably good for a two-hour stem-winder. His throbbing, organ-roll voice, once loosed, seemed to have a power of its own.

The auburn-bearded Garfield of 1860 was "a fair, massively built man, a little overweight but with sturdy limbs, who conveyed a sense of strength and confidence", Leech/Brown say, adding: "His dress was like a farmer's, loose and plain; his bearing, in repose, was a trifle 'lopping'; but his full-browed, Jovian head gave a look of mastership and intellectual power." Like many Republicans in that year, he opposed the spread of slavery and the squatter sovereignty doctrines of Stephen A. Douglas; yet he was not a Lincoln enthusiast.

Significantly, in entering politics, he parted company with many conservative Disciples and he was to disappoint others by his anti-pacifist views in 1861. Later, his attachment to the Disciples became ever more tenuous as he grew fond of the theatre, read agnostic writers and interested himself in science; he was careful, however, to maintain his church ties and his belief in God.

Neither in the Ohio legislature nor in the Civil War, in which he was a Union officer in the Midwest, did he compile an outstanding record. Like many other officers of middling ability, he intrigued for a field command, but this was beyond the powers of Salmon P. Chase, the Ohioan who was Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury and Garfield's patron. His taste for the war soured by the fall of 1862, when he was elected to the House of Representatives as "General" Garfield, serving until 1880.

The weakest and most perfunctory section of *The Garfield Orbit* deals with the Congressional years. Whereas Mrs Leech tried to get under her subject's skin, Professor Brown is superficial and inadequate in illuminating Garfield's political equivocations. For a chronicle of these, one turns to Professor Peskin, the bulk of whose book is devoted to his hero's public career.

Professor Peskin is long on facts, short on analysis. We know that Garfield entered Congress as a radical Republican and voted for Andrew Johnson's impeachment, then shifted rightward, but we are left ignorant of the process whereby he became a conservative. On the tariff issue, for example, he originally leaned toward free trade; but on discovering that high protectionists were substantial elements in his party, he began to tergiversate, asserting: "I am for protection which leads to ultimate free trade. I am for that free trade which can only be achieved through protection." He wound up, unsurprisingly, in favour of high tariffs, a form of government price support for industry. In other areas his early radical ardours also cooled as he perceived the connection between political power ("the fair temple of Fame") and the purse, which commerce and industry commanded. In the 1870s, he proved himself congenial to the burgeoning corporations by arguing that the Granger plan to regulate railroads "may be communism in disguise" and by opposing the eight-hour working day as "a blunder". Most of all, though, he endeared himself to the New York bankers by standing against the Greenbackers' bimetallism in 1877-78.

As chairman of the House Appropriations Committee and then as minority leader, Garfield was courteous, conciliatory, reasonable, often hesitant, in relationships with his colleagues; he was almost always willing to settle for small victories. Few disliked him, not even his constituents whose basic interests he thwarted. His lack of enemies and his certified conservatism helped to make him the compromise Republican candidate on the thirty-sixth ballot in 1880. It was a nomination he insisted he had not sought, as he asserted he had not searched out other opportunities, but one must accept this self-appraisal in the light of professed ambitions. Garfield was no General Sherman.

Garfield's campaign was notable as the first in which a candidate personally elicited the financial support of the big bankers and industrialists. He would have approached the original John D. Rockefeller, but was warned off by wiser heads. The compact between the Republicans and the tycoons virtually ended the riotous boodling of the Grant-Hayes era and paved the way for McKinley and Mark Hanna, who incidentally made his debut in the Garfield campaign.

Both books slur over Garfield as a watershed politician to emphasize his emotional and personality contradictions. And both, of course, conclude with the drama of his assassination and death, which was a horribly drawn-out process. He was shot down in July by a neurotic office-seeker; his medical care was bungled by homeopathic physicians; and he died a wasted man more than sixty days after the shooting.

Professor Peskin quotes Thomas Wolfe as putting Garfield among the "lost" Presidents. In that metaphor, these two books are welcome works of descriptive archaeology, but they leave a hunger for more profound insights than either provides.

"Mark Twain to Reform the Language of Italy"; "Twain and Yacht Disappear at Sea: Mark Twain Investigating"; "Twain Postpones Funeral"—three of the humorous headlines to be found in *Mark Twain Speaks for Himself* (245pp. Purdue University Press: Indiana. $9.75.). Paul Fatout's collection of 76 Twain "sketches"—newspaper stories, interviews, speeches and letters, many of them previously uncollected—highlights Twain's witty command of language. The earliest piece is dated 1862, but it is in late pieces like "A Humourist's Confession" (1905) that Twain best explains his love of the word: "What I have done I have done, because it has been play. If it had been work I shouldn't have done it."

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The loneliness of the critic

By John Holloway

DENIS DONOGHUE:
The Sovereign Ghost
Studies in Imagination
239pp. Faber. £6.75.

As one reads this book it leaves one with an unexpected impression: the impression of loneliness. Denis Donoghue knows a great deal of modern and other literature, has read quite as much of what has been written about it, has absorbed much Continental theory, and brings to bear much that is scholarly in more conventional senses. The notes are numerous and exact; no one will be surprised that there is a sense of the author writing among a numerous "concourse" of his peers. (This is one of his own favoured terms, I think we shall see why.) But all this comes with a sort of gracious nonchalance, as if we are to see it as just a little off-centre. The essential activity is other than that: a critical activity of a distinctive and ambitious kind.

Donoghue's "sovereign ghost" is the imagination, especially in its literary form; "imagination", he writes, "is no longer one of our key terms" and adds that today "very little energy is spent on its use". There has indeed been an ebb-tide in criticism generally. Fifteen, twenty-five, forty years ago, when a prominent critical work appeared, the event was of note. It dominated the intellectual scene at least for its due time. Raymond Williams, William Empson, L. C. Knights, F. R. Leavis and I. A. Richards were names familiarly known. They were central when literature was at issue. *The Uses of Literacy, The Idea of a Christian Society, The Man of Letters in the Modern World, Mass Civilization and Minority Culture* and a number of other works, British or American, demonstrated that the literary critic was a conscious and confident wielder of a certain special authority. He wrote from a conviction that literature was enabling to the critic as moralist or even as social prophet. Generations of literature students and their academic mentors saw criticism as their own prime task and—the idea goes back at least to Coleridge—believed in one way or another in its high centralities.

Donoghue's work has taken shape over a period when those conditions have been losing ground. First, the editing empires have eroded the critic's territory; and besides that, ever more sophisticated historical research, social science, and the whole intricate confederacy of communications theory, have brought their various and conflicting voices to bear. The literary-academic scene has moved, quietly perhaps but firmly, towards close historically based interpretation, biography, "sociology of literature", stylistics, and narrative theory. The critic as such, who saw himself at the very hub of intellectual-academic activity, seems a lonelier figure than hitherto. Donoghue shows himself not unconscious of the exposure, though it will take a moment to prove that.

The Sovereign Ghost includes Donoghue's W. P. Ker Lecture in Glasgow, which gives the book its title. Here, the lonely critic engages in a planned offensive-defensive encounter with one of the Apollyons that have come to bestraddle the critic's path, the Apollyon of structuralism. Which is it to be, structuralism or the imagination? The heart of the essay is a twofold analysis of a passage in Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. First, we are offered the imagination as it works in the reader to create living contact with the writer, divining his inwardness, dizzily reconstructing his words into scene, character, potentiality, arbitrariness, astonishment, life. "I am approaching the words in a deliberately old-fashioned spirit", remarks Donoghue with a patrician twinkle, as he bows imagination out and lets structuralism re-work Joyce's sequence, sedulously extruding authorial authority, coolly giving to *langue*, grammar, code, genre, fiendishly ingenious binarism, what his former analysis had honoured as the work both of, and for, the "sovereign ghost". The contrast, Donoghue suggests, can be seen as a shift from one set of seminal ideas to another: function for subject, structure for history, sign for presence, free space for centre, chorus for hero.

Donoghue does his best for structuralism, no doubt, but (perhaps because his analysis retains the merit of lucidity) one is left with the impression that a convinced structuralist would have done more. Still, there is something that carries the reader easily over that, into the buoyantly Leibnizian finale (the musical connotation is to the point) of the lecture. The lecturer, incidentally, was too *rusé* to be caught out over using structuralism as a blanket term. He slips in a detailed and judiciously chosen bibliography a paragraph or so from the end. But in the finale proper, it is Hegel who finds a way out for Leibniz; structuralism and the imagination can be reconciled. Why, after all, should the work of the imagination not be "susceptible to formal description"? Can the self not be related to its codes as the future is to the present? The rival idioms may be brought together as we bring together freedom and destiny.

This conclusion must have seemed rather more substantial in the lecture-theatre of a great once-Calvinist city than it does as one reads it over and notices that the key proposition—"imagination would then be the act of a mind *determined* to keep open every possibility of . . . freedom"—enshrines the ambiguity (a mind inwardly *resolved*, a mind externally *constrained*) that it seeks to elucidate. But to have maintained the sovereign ghost's claims from a position of well-versed structuralist proficiency is a substantial achievement in the present climate. One is reminded of Edwin Muir's poem "The Combat": the "crested animal in his pride" representing the would-be supplanters of criticism, and the "helpless brown beast" that is always, yet never, defeated. Moreover, even if Donoghue has done no more than shift the terms of the discussion, he has done that in a significant way; the overtones of theology and of the deeply traditional will prove to be salient in the whole debate.

The author of *The Sovereign Ghost* is himself no helpless brown beast, and when I spoke of what carries the reader easily along at one point, I had in mind strengths that carry him easily along everywhere. One of them shows in the same essay, as Donoghue identifies his cardinal vowels, as it were, in regard to the imagination. There is the inward and enhancing power (the "Franciscan" or symbolic imagination) that contemplates the "rich" and contingent materiality"—John Crowe Ransom's phrase—of fact's empire and enables it to become, seemingly of itself, radiant with feeling. Then there is the "angelic" imagination (a phrase from Allen Tate; these affinities begin to fall into place), something like Sidney's golden world of the poet, but raised to a higher power of itself. Third—act not procedure—the "linguistic marvel" of negation, whereby the mind as it were promulgates not merely its freedom of action, but its radical repudiation of the world, and the loneliness of a free spirit.

Then, at the level of rhetoric, the Franciscan, angelic and negatory imaginations stage themselves once again, this time as image, metaphor and irony. Structuralism challenges the sovereign ghost's account of the second of these only: but Sartre on images produces a comparable demolition of the first, and Kierkegaard on irony identifies the sodium-bright spectrum line of freedom, in the third.

"Nuances of a Theme by Allen Tate" discusses naturalism (i e, structuralism), solipsism, and thirdly a tension between these, that transcends and resolves. "The American Style of Failure" rehearses the symbolic and angelic imaginations as they dance or shadow-box together in Henry James, Henry Adams and Allen Tate. "The Eye and the Mind's Eye", perhaps the most penetrating group of essays in the book, spaciously assimilates Pope and some of his contemporaries to a visual power creative through its confidence in a genial world, then moves forward to a Romantic visual power deepened and purified by moral inwardness; and finally comes to rest in the third member of the triad (Blake, Yeats and Stevens represent it) where the way beyond is one with the way within, and "contemplation of one's own mind" converges upon the visionary power and second sight that penetrate beyond mundanity, that have their own "supernatural aura".

At this point, one must recall the diagnosis of our present situation that was briefly sketched earlier on: a situation where genre, convention, context and historical detail are somewhat more in men's minds than they used to be, and where not all will favour Donoghue and the broad style. Not that it is all broad style. The chapter called "The Essential Power", for example, contains an analysis of lines from *Venus and Adonis* that Coleridge and I. A. Richards have already interpreted in detail: but Donoghue's footnotes to it look like the most scholarly use of the concordance, dictionary, and wide learned reading. His examination of passages from Pope and others evinces a sharp eye for grammar in verse (his analysis of part of Joyce's *Portrait* has already been mentioned). These, though, are among what might be termed the author's Parthian shots. The major preoccupations of the book lie elsewhere.

In an earlier paragraph Donoghue's criticism was called distinctive and ambitious; that is both true and deceptive since it is a classic and long-established ambition, though it impels Donoghue to some daunting if almost invisible defences. "The question of imagination bears on fundamental issues in metaphysics and politics." "The perennial problem is . . . to discover . . . [how] man's richest life may be conducted." We know this sovereign ghost. It is the ghost, familiar if sometimes far from affable, of the critic-moralist in possession of the high centralities of his theme.

What are the deeper resonances of Donoghue's style? They begin to show in the most characteristic verbs: *resume, testify, recover, deprive, ponder, corrupt*; and in terms like *concourse*, or *ignominy*, that come with a Donoghue ring growing familiar as one reads. There is a certain nonchalance, evidenced in such turns of phrase as "positions between which a reasonable mind may swing, doing itself no harm in the process". One rejects "mandarin" and "patrician" as descriptions of this style, and then the author supplies the very word himself, and in doing so tells us a great deal more about himself and his work: "As for Tate, his style is *curial*, meaning that it issues . . . from ancestral places of law and formality, and bears the mark of a *grand mythology*". "Imagination is the secular name we give to the soul . . ."; "he insists on invoking certain values *which he reveres*." Other favourite terms set out the decisive reality behind the book a little further, and they are pregnant indeed: words like *plenitude, energy, felicity*—and on the other hand, perhaps Donoghue's favourite term of all, *exorbitant*. Somewhere in the rear of this curial criticism lies a theology exact and precise on the one hand, comprehensive and enormously traditional on the other. "We know that we are arguing about truth and error . . . corruption and innocence", Donoghue wrote in his earlier book *Thieves of Fire*. So are we still. There is an authority and catholicity in this writing that, once taken in, sets the author's lonely and defensive stance in very much another light.

So the ambitious and temerarious criticism stands out for what it is. In the last analysis, such a critic displays what Newman would drily have called, in a case like this one, a "preternatural" confidence. Certainly he invites the reader to meet his authors, though he may sometimes be high-handed over them ("I suppress the differences. . . I do so for ease", he observes at one point). More, though, he is inviting them to meet himself. Ultimately, it is the critic's own "certain values", it is the champaign country of his own reasonable mind, that is the sovereign ghost.

Perhaps because the literature of the past, which is the universe of the critic, enjoyed a simplicity of order which the real world also seemed once to have, though now it has dissolved into fragments there, the furniture of the literary cosmos has been all large and noble. It has provided a "concourse" where society itself now seems only a crowd; and the curial mind, inhabiting its spacious provinces, may set out before the reader a life denied us today.

Perhaps it is necessary, at this point in the history of society, to grub modestly along through the stacked and jumbled facts of the present, not listen, or at least not so much, to the voice of the critic and its verve-filled but nonchalant sonorities. The voice of *The Sovereign Ghost* is a voice reasonable, patrician and assured, yet inwardly also, lonely, defensive and even disquiet. Will it win the attention again, or should one say beguile it? Perhaps that is an abyss over which, once more, the reasonable mind may swing.

Philosophy and Argument in Late Vedānta
Śrī Harṣa's *Khaṇḍanakhaṇḍakhādya*
PHYLLIS GRANOFF
about 275 pp. Dfl. 100,– / US $ 48.50 ISBN 90-277-0878-8
STUDIES OF CLASSICAL INDIA 1

Philosophy and Argument in Late Vedānta is an exhaustive and pioneering study of one of the most significant and difficult works in Indian philosophy. It consists of a translation into English of Śrī Harṣa's Introduction to the *Khaṇḍanakhaṇḍakhādya* and an original commentary based on ancient Sanskrit commentaries. The commentary skillfully unravels the complexities of Śrī Harṣa's arguments and elucidates the basic issues and concerns of both Śrī Harṣa and his opponents, providing an important insight into the lively and provocative debates that characterise the best of Indian philosophy.
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Poet of compromise

By A. C. Spearing

DEREK BREWER:
Chaucer and his World
224pp. Eyre Methuen. £9.95.

Although recent reports of the Death of the Author, like those of the Death of God, have fortunately proved to be greatly exaggerated, an undertaking of the "Author and his World" kind is bound to raise problems of principle and method. In what ways can an author be seen as mediating between his work and his world? We may hesitate at the freedom with which Derek Brewer moves from mothers in Chaucer to Chaucer's mother, or from Troilus's upbringing to his creator's. Yet most of us cannot coerce our imaginations into not envisaging "Chaucer the Man", and with Brewer's help we shall certainly envisage him more interestingly and convincingly. We shall be clearly aware, too, of where knowledge ends and imagination begins, for Brewer is admirably willing to write "I imagine her as . . .", "I do not see him as . . .", and even, on one delightful occasion, "I invent him to be . . .".

Brewer brings to his task, first, a full scholarly knowledge of the sources of Chaucerian biography, including such details as the recent re-dating of Blanche of Lancaster's death, with its striking implication that *The Book of the Duchess* must have been written very fast. Next, he brings a subtle understanding of Chaucer's social and cultural setting, skilfully balancing sympathetic immersion in it with a knowledge of the systems of thought—anthropology, sociology, myth-study—that enable us to place it in a larger context of similarity and difference. The world thereby revealed is in some ways strange to the late twentieth-century reader—one in which religious faith and the military virtues were real values sincerely held amid whatever ironies—but in other ways unexpectedly familiar, as when Chaucer's "inner detachment and pessimistic conservatism" are suggestively associated with the long "period of national and political decline and economic constriction" that followed the Treaty of Brétigny.

The major conceptual device by which Brewer links Chaucer, his work, and his world, is the double idea of the marginal and the transitional, and this is undoubtedly his chief contribution to our understanding of Chaucer. The poet is seen as marginal in his social origins and in his relation to the court, and even as living much of his life in "a characteristically equivocal position" above the gate in Aldgate.

He was thus the aptest possible inhabitant and reflector of a world of Gothic compromises, in which hierarchy and equality, worldliness and spirituality, coexisted in a rich amalgam. He had much sympathy with "the characteristic 'anti-structuralism' of the period"—hence his association with (but not commitment to!) Lollardy, and the absence from his work of Gower's violent opposition to the Peasants' Revolt. Much of his finest poetry derives from those transitions in which "we ourselves live most intensely", and it reaches an appropriate culmination in *The Canterbury Tales*, a poem which in a sense is all margin, all transition. This double idea of marginality and transition is potentially so powerful an interpretative instrument that one cannot help wishing that it had been applied more systematically to Chaucer's work.

Brewer's book is written not systematically, but with genial urbanity; it is also beautifully illustrated, with a choice of pictures so far from standard that it would have been good to have more details about the medieval manuscripts that some of them illuminate. *Chaucer and his World* will be of obvious value to students reading Chaucer for the first time and to all who read him for pleasure; but more advanced scholars will also find in it much to provoke thought and advance understanding.

A source for *Love's Labour's Lost*

By Anne Barton

"The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo." Enigmatic, riddling, curiously resonant, the line stands alone at the end of the Quarto edition (1598) of Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*. It is not assigned there to any speaker, and the typeface is different from that used in the rest of the comedy. In the First Folio of 1623, the sentence retains its place, while losing its typographical distinctiveness, and is assigned to the "Braggart", Armado. He adds to it a kind of verbal stage direction ("You that way: we this way"), as the ladies of France and their lovers part, sadly, for the stipulated twelvemonth and a day. E. K. Chambers, in 1930, dismissed "the words of Mercury" briskly as having no real connection with the play they terminate. "Mercury", he declared, "has nothing to do with what precedes." Subsequent scholars and critics have been less sure. Over the past twenty-five years, *Love's Labour's Lost* has gradually come into its own as the first of Shakespeare's "great" comedies, a play which works brilliantly in the theatre and which also possesses the kind of depth and richness of meaning more traditionally associated with *Twelfth Night* or *Measure For Measure*. It no longer seems necessary to justify this play in terms of its supposed topical allusions, hypothetical satiric digs at Raleigh, Gabriel Harvey, and other Elizabethans.

In the course of this re-assessment, "the words of Mercury" have presented themselves as more and more crucial, if scarcely less mysterious. Do they constitute a simple statement that, after the wonderful song with which the play has ended ("When daisies pied and violets blue"), further speech could only be jarring and superfluous? Can it be that the contrast between the words of Mercury and the Songs of Apollo is that between written and spoken language, and the sentence itself a lament for the comedy, reduced now to existence on the printed page, as opposed to being heard alive in the theatre? Or are "the words of Mercury"—who, after all, was the messenger of the gods—meant to refer back to Marcade, the emissary from France whose announcement, in Act V, of the King's death so abruptly put an end to the wooing games and pleasant pastimes of the royal park? The words of Marcade are indeed harsh when they sound without warning across the smooth lawns of Navarre: the prelude to painful explanations, penances, admissions of guilt, and to a year of separation and mourning.

This latter explanation is the one that feels right. And yet one wonders why Shakespeare did not trouble to make the connection explicit, as he easily could have done, for instance, by assigning the final line to Marcade. I suggest that he did not do so because, for him and for his original audience, the Mercury/Marcade link had already been established, strikingly, in a now almost forgotten Elizabethan play. *The Cobler's Prophecy*, by Robert Wilson, was printed in a quarto edition in 1594, but written and performed earlier, perhaps in 1589/90. At the beginning of this comedy, the shoemaker Raph is endowed with the gift of prophecy by a divine figure who tells him plainly: "I am Mercurie the Messenger of the Gods" (l 127 of the Malone Society reprint of the play, prepared by A. C. Wood 1914). Raph, however, like Shakespeare's Costard after him, is not only a man impudent to his betters, decidedly concerned with matters of guerdon and remuneration, but an inveterate corruptor of words:

> heare ye God Markedy, have you retoritie
> take a free man of his companie,
> hinder him to be your Prophet speaker,
> when ye set him a worke give him nothing for his labor[?]
> (ll 129-132)

Once Raph has got the idea into his head that "Markedy" is the name of the god who has so inexorably pressed him into service, nothing can dislodge the conviction. "Marcade" is in some form, he finds, for him throughout the play. "And me thought in my sleep this was God Markedy" (l 169). "God Markedie made me a Prophet" (ll 241-2). "And God Markedie sends me of business" (l 652). "God Merkedy has servd me pretily" (l 1356). A memorable comic confusion in itself, it also happens to be hammered home five times. There would seem to be small need to appeal to scattered instances of the name Mercadé or Marcadé in contemporary French records. Shakespeare surely took the idea, if not the spelling, of the name for his messenger of death from *The Cobler's Prophecy*, and from a context in which it was clearly established as a synonym, a kind of alias, for Mercury.

Love's Labour's Lost, A Midsummer Night's Dream and *The Tempest* are the only three Shakespearean plays for which no primary source has yet been found. In the case of *Love's Labour's Lost*, there are a few historical reverberations. Renaissance leagues of study certainly did exist. Moreover, in 1578, Marguerite of Valois and her ladies went on a state visit to her estranged husband, Henry of Navarre, in the course of which they discussed the disposition of Aquitaine. There, the trail appears to end. I think myself that *The Cobler's Prophecy* as a whole is the source of *Love's Labour's Lost*: the scaffolding upon which Shakespeare constructed another and far greater play. I also believe that the connection has not been recognized before because Shakespeare's use of source material here is radically different from anything we have come to look for or expect from him.

Neither *The Cobler's Prophecy* nor *Love's Labour's Lost* has much to show in the way of a consecutive, ordered story line. Until comparatively recently, the structure of Shakespeare's play tended to strike critics as perverse. The organization of *The Cobler's Prophecy* is likely to seem merely inept. Both comedies, in fact, depend upon a presentation of worlds in collision, juxtaposed characters and attitudes, and upon disputation and debate, rather than upon intrigue or linear progression. Both rely heavily on a wise fool (Raph/Costard) to knit disparate character groups together, a man who intrudes his irreverent presence and commentary in almost every scene, and on all levels of the play. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Wilson is not—and, indeed, scarcely could have been—based upon plot, as was the case with most of his sources. It manifests itself, instead, in a series of structural, thematic and verbal correspondences, operating like the concealed hooks and eyes in a piece of material to attach the two plays to each other. I am not suggesting that Shakespeare wrote *Love's Labour's Lost* with the text of *The Cobler's Prophecy* open beside him. (As he did, for instance, with North's Plutarch and the Roman plays.) Nevertheless, whether because he had seen it, read it before publication or (quite possibly) acted in it himself, Wilson's comedy seems to have fixed itself in his imagination. There, it underwent a sea change.

The Cobler's Prophecy is a mythological morality, a type which seems to have enjoyed some popularity in the decade of the 1580s. (The anonymous *Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune* of 1581 is a play of this general type.) Like many early Elizabethan plays, it looks cruder and more chaotic on the printed page than it would in performance. Nicholas Brooke has recently reported that even an amateur production of Preston's "absurd" *Cambises* (1561), another play Shakespeare knew, turned out surprisingly to be more alarming than risible. *The Cobler's Prophecy* may not have much to offer when read as a literary text. If, however, one allows for the characteristic Elizabethan passion for gallimaufry—for hurling together not merely kings and clowns, but assorted morality abstractions, representatives of the various estates, a Marlovian over-reacher, the Muses, Echo, Charon, and the Olympian gods, without worrying too much about the homogeneity of the final blend—it is a perfectly competent and even inventive piece of theatre. Like *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Cobler's Prophecy* was probably designed originally for a sophisticated, courtly audience. The spectators are described as sitting down, not standing, and at one point Ceres tries to ingratiate herself by showering them with sweet-meats. It is true that Shakespeare was going to refine the art of comedy to a point at which plays like *The Cobler's Prophecy* were left far behind. That does not mean that Wilson's original audience, which presumably enjoyed his work, was imbecile.

The Cobler's Prophecy is about the working out of a reconciliation between Arms and Art: the active and the contemplative lives as represented by a soldier and a scholar. And about the unmasking and rejection of their common enemy, Contempt. At the beginning, Bœotia, where the play is set, presents a "pageant" fit only for Thalia, the Muse of comedy in her most acid mood, to sing. Clio, the Muse of epic history, who once inscribed "the honourable Acts of leaders brave" (ll 560) has long since laid down her pen for lack of material. Her sister Melpomene, Muse of tragedy, is also idle, although before the end of the play she will be again in work. True Pleasure, "abuzde in country Court and towne,/By speeches, gestures, and dishonest mirth" (ll 587-588), has stolen away from the earth, and been replaced by Pain, "that masks disguisde in pleasures weede" (l 594). The effectual ruler of the world, however, and the cause of all these errors, is Contempt. Bred of Securitie, he is the embodiment of everything which (in the words of Holofernes) "is not generous, not gentle, not humble" in the relations of human beings with each other. Under the misleading name of Content, he commands the allegiance of virtually all men, causing the young to mock their elders, country landlords to abuse their tenants, and the spruce courtier Emnius to laugh at Sateros, the soldier, because he is poor and wears plain and homely apparel. Contempt has even infected heaven. Raph's subservience to his scornful and bullying wife Zelota is repeated, on a more exalted level, in the relationship of Venus and Mars. Not content with betraying her husband Vulcan, Venus has reduced the god of war to an effete and mindless servant of her pleasures. He spends much of his time now asleep—which is presumably why he has failed to notice that Venus has compounded the injury by having an affair with Contempt, whose child she is about to bear.

The gods in council finally take matters into their own hands. Mercury transforms Raph into a prophet and dispatches him to Venus's court to inform Mars, in riddling but not exactly impenetrable words, that he is a cuckold. On the way there, Raph pauses to listen to a formal dispute (he calls it a "spout") between four characters extolling the respective excellences of the court, the country, battles, and books as a way of life. The courtier Emnius and the anonymous country gentleman are both devoted followers of Contempt/Content, and thoroughly corrupt. Later in the play, the country gentleman will try unsuccessfully to buy his way out of military service when his country is in desperate need. Emnius actually attempts to murder the Duke of Bœotia and marry his daughter. By comparison with these two, the nameless Scholar is a man of perception and worth. He can see that supposed Content is really "Olygoros, which signifieth Contempt" (ll 222-223), and that even when clothed in classical Greek, this is not a good companion for a man to have. Unfortunately, as Contempt points out shrewdly, "though you like not my name, you love my nature" (ll 224-225). When the Scholar delivers his encomium on the life of learning, it becomes plain how subtly he has been contaminated by arrogance and self-love:

> What the Courtier dreamingly possesses, the Countrey Gentleman with cursses, and the Souldiour with cares: I quietly enjoy without controll. In my studie I contemplate what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thousands doo with pikes, I strike him that sees me not. . . . I see the height of heaven. . . . I view the depth of hell. . . . Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my companions. I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce attendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others too attende on mee. I possesse pleasure more than mortall, and my contemplation is onely of the life immortall.
> (ll 348-364)

There is not much of a Christian ring to that "life immortall". It seems to derive, instead, from the Renaissance wish-dream of an eternity of fame: the kind of immortality to which Navarre and his book-men aspire when they plan to defeat "cormorant devouring Time" by binding themselves for three years to a life of abstinence and study.

Raph is as impatient with the faults and pretensions of his social betters as Shakespeare's Costard. "I, I", he grumbles at one point, "and great folke doo amisse,/Poore folke must hold their peace" (ll 1660-1). He interrupts the Scholar's speech three times with sceptical interjections. Even without Raph's commentary, however, it would be apparent that the man of learning entertains attitudes that need to be corrected and purged. Only a moment after his hyperbolic claim to total self-sufficiency, he is forced to admit that he hopes for a place at court. When Emnius suggests that all four of them go off to dine at "the eighteen pence Ordinary", he happily joins the party, and even volunteers to pay for the well-dressed but stingy country gentleman. It is only the poorly clad soldier Sateros, the one man who genuinely cannot afford a meal, let alone one so expensive, that he snubs.

Sateros, as his name perhaps suggests, has had his faults and peccadillos. As well as glancing at his unpaid bills, Raph suggests that the man of arms has "made manie a Cocke a cuckold by stealing away his Hen" (ll 296-7). This farmyard imagery, interestingly enough, is precisely that of the prophecy which Raph, inspired by Mercury, is on his way to deliver to the womanish Mars:

> Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
> that wontst to croe by day,
> And with thy sharpned spurres
> the craven Cockes didst kill and slay:
> Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
> and make thy fethers gay;
> A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
> shall slilie thee betray,
> And tread thy Hen, and for a time
> shall carrie her away.
> (ll 140-149, repeated at 932-941)

Sateros *can* elect to play the part of Contempt, the dunghill cock who has made Mars a cuckold and stolen Venus, his hen, away. This may indeed have been the way he behaved in the past, as Raph suggests. Sateros, however, as a name, can suggest satiety and the rejection of lust as much as it can the propensities of a satyr. Left alone on the stage with Contempt, his potential alter ego, Sateros, although hard-pressed and neglected by society, none the less refuses to embrace this false Content. He is a true soldier, not an ignoble one: "In honourable thoughts dwell his con-

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tent.'And he is foe to all that love contempt" (ll 445-6).

Because Sateros separates himself decisively from Contempt, he is able to save Bœotia. The Scholar is powerless to do so, despite his learning and his understanding of the real identity of "Content". Roused by Raph's revelation of Venus's perfidy, Mars, with the approval of the other gods, unleashes a bloody war upon the country in which Contempt and his paramour Venus have taken refuge. Melpomene can take up her pen again: the comedy darkens. In this crisis, the Scholar finds that his lofty claim to be able to accomplish as much with his pen as the Soldier can with his sword is a mere taffeta phrase: worth nothing at all when tested in reality. The time indeed seems to have come, as Raph prophesied, when

Latin shall lacke,
And Greeke shall beg with a wallet at his backe.
For all are not sober that goes in blacke.
(ll 310-314)

Like Love's Labour's Lost, however, *The Cobler's Prophecy* moves towards an ideal of harmony and completeness. At the court of the Duke, as the men of Thessaly and Argos burn and lay waste Bœotia, the active and the contemplative lives arrive at an understanding that presages well for the future. Sateros magnanimously agrees to "forget your scornes given me in peace" (l 1403). He is satisfied with a gentle reproof: "Armes will not Art, Art should not armes reject" (l 1406).

While they await news of Sateros's fortunes in battle, the Duke, the Scholar, and the people of Bœotia engage in a rite of penitence for past faults:

But if repentant soules may purchase grace,
We crave it humbly, and intend to live,
Hereafter more reformd than wee have done.
For pride, we entertaine humilitie:
For our presumption, due obedience:
Love for Contempt, and chastitie for lust:
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our sinnes are cast, and there consume.
(ll 1573-1581)

The prayer is effective. At this eleventh hour, a messenger appears to announce the victory of Sateros. The soldier himself follows, led between Mars and Mercury, the gods of war and of learning. And, at the bidding of the Duke, the active and the contemplative life seal an agreement in which Contempt can have no place:

Embrace the Scholler, live you two as friends,
For Armes and Learning may not be at jarre,
Counsell prevents, counsell prevailes in warre.
SAT:
My thoughts are free from hate, let me not live,
When souldiers faile good Letters to defend.
SCH:
Let every Scholler be a Souldiers friend,
As I am friend to thee and so will rest.
RAPH:
I so live, and yee are blest.
How saist thou Zelote is not that life best [?]
DUKE:
Then with due praise to heaven let us depart,
Our State supported both by Armes and Art.
Exeunt
(ll 1686-1696)

This is the end of Wilson's play—except for a generalized and riddling Latin phrase which follows, printed in a different type: "*Fortuna Crudelis*". Like "the words of Mercury" in the *Love's Labour's Lost* quarto, it is not assigned to any speaker.

Obviously any identification of *The Cobler's Prophecy* as the missing source for *Love's Labour's Lost* must be hypothetical and, to some extent, subjective. This is inevitable in a case where plot similarity is not at issue, and the argument must rest upon the more intangible questions of theme, structure, and verbal echo. Study of Shakespeare's sources has hitherto shied away from such shadowy areas, and with good reason. Perilous in itself, it also seems to adumbrate a kind of Coleridgean Shakespeare: a man who not only pilfered other men's plots in a straightforward and business-like way, but who allowed his reading (or acting) experience to sink into what John Livingstone Lowes called "the deep well of the unconscious" and re-emerge, transformed. I believe, none the less, that this was the fate of Wilson's play. The connection between Mercury and Marcade/Markedy seems to me conscious. About the other correspondences between the two comedies it is impossible to be sure. But there are a great many of them. It may well be that we ought to extend our idea of Shakespeare as a borrower: that he sometimes assembled in his imagination the themes, ideas, and something of the structure of an earlier play, and that these could be more important in the formation of his own, new creation than plot or character.

Love's Labour's Lost, like *The Cobler's Prophecy*, is an account of the casting out of Contempt: the painful abandonment of those "mocks,/Full of comparisons and wounding flouts" which all the men, but especially Berowne, "on all estates will execute". Navarre, Berowne, Dumain and Longaville may be characters more realistic and complexly drawn than Sateros, Emulus, the scholar and the country gentleman. They are presented, none the less, as a quartet of people who need to recognize that their supposed Content is really Contempt, and that he must be repudiated as a companion. Shakespeare's play too ends with penitence and promises of reform, with the substitution of "Love for Contempt". Learning alone, dissociated from the active life and engagement in the world, proves inadequate in Navarre as in Bœotia. Here too there is a reconciliation between the active and the contemplative lives, between Arms and Art.

A large, overall pattern associates the two plays. There is also a nexus of small, individual correspondences, each one negligible in itself but impressive when considered as part of the whole. I think myself that Shakespeare was influenced by Wilson's play when he allowed Costard to substitute the word "contempts" for "contents" in the first scene of Act 1. The "contempts" of Armado's letter, he admits dolefully, "are as touching me". Like Raph, Costard is acting here as a wise fool. Armado's letter is indeed full of "contempts". His dismissal of Costard as "base minnow of thy mirth", "unlettered, small-knowing soul", "a shallow vassal", epitomizes the kind of vanity and condescension for which, in the end, Armado will find himself humbly holding the plough for the base-born Jaquenetta for three years. The contempt/content confusion is one that Shakespeare perpetrated in only one other play (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, I.i. 249-50). When the idiotic Slender assures Anne Page that familiarity will in time lead to content, she and the theatre audience both hear the other word behind the one Slender uses. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, however, what Boyet calls "that contempt will kill the speaker's heart" is an altogether more important factor than in *The Merry Wives*. And, in its relationship to content—in the sense of the complacency which enfolds Navarre and his court, and prevents their success in love—it calls up memories of the Janus-faced Content/Contempt of *The Cobler's Prophecy*.

There are other echoes. Queen Guinevere, whose shoes the mad Zelote thought her husband must mend tomorrow (l 113-14), makes her one and only appearance in Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "So may I answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench." A hunt figures prominently in both plays, and so does an illegitimate child. Not only is Venus forced to have her child in the "spittle", where "foule Lazers, and loathed Lepers lie" (l 833): Raph prophesies of Contempt that, like Berowne, one day "I shall see you in a spittle" (l 398). Both plays are filled with images, verbal and visual, of masks and disguisings, and both describe their own action, quite explicitly, as that of a play. Shakespeare may have banished Wilson's Olympians from his cast of characters. Jupiter and Juno, Venus, Cynthia, Apollo, Bacchus, Mercury and Mars manifest themselves so frequently in the verse of *Love's Labour's Lost*—far more than in any of the surrounding Shakespearean comedies—that they come to seem like absent presences: shadow characters behind the human actors in the play. Most haunting of all, perhaps, is Raph's prophecy:

. . . of a strange time:
For it will be a wondrous thing,
To see a Carter lodge with a King.
Townes shall be unpeopled seene,
And markets made upon the greene.
(ll 805-9)

Nothing in *The Cobler's Prophecy* itself bears out this curious prognostication. One wonders, however, if it did not fix itself in Shakespeare's mind, to issue later in Navarre's "unpeopled house", and the games played upon the greensward. In the open-air world of *Love's Labour's Lost*, commoners and royalty do indeed lodge side by side and the roof of the King's court, as the Princess of France points out, is too lofty for any man to claim as his own. It is almost as though, among his other divinely inspired clairvoyances, Raph also managed to foresee Shakespeare's play.

The Cobler's Prophecy is a morality with classical trimmings. Wilson is interested in the general condition of Bœotia/England, in presenting little vignettes of the economic and social wrongs of his time. Those "estates", which are merely metaphoric in Rosaline's fifth-act account of the destructiveness of Berowne's idle scorns, are concretely present in Wilson's play. Shakespeare made no use of this, the most traditional, aspect of *The Cobler's Prophecy*. I believe that he retained Raph in the form of Costard, extended Wilson's soldier (with some help from Lyly) into Armado, the Scholar into Holofernes and Nathaniel, and Venus into Jaquenetta. At the centre of the comedy he placed Navarre and his courtiers, Wilson had placed Sateros, Emulus, the Country Gentleman and the Scholar. He then proceeded to do something characteristically Shakespearean for which there is no equivalent in *The Cobler's Prophecy*. He added the four women of France.

In all three of the comedies which, it seems likely, he wrote before *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakespeare transformed his source material most radically in the area of the women's parts. He introduced Luciana and the Abbess into *The Comedy of Errors* and, as a result, impelled the play in directions never dreamed of by Plautus. The immemorial wife-taming motif, in all its violence and brutality, becomes almost unrecognizable in *The Taming of the Shrew* because Kate's is fundamentally a love story, not a crude struggle between the sexes for mastery. Proteus and Valentine may give *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* its title. In the comedy itself, they are almost embarrassingly outshone by Julia and Silvia, women who in spite of everything remain faithful, generous, and intelligent. It was like Shakespeare that, when he set out to stage the triumph of Love over Contempt, he should do so by way of the Princess of France, Katherine, Maria, and Rosaline: four characters who never mistake Contempt for Content, or learning for a self-sufficient thing. The women of France stand at the very centre of *Love's Labour's Lost*, a counter-weight to the four men not only structurally but in terms of the attitudes they embody. No other dramatist could have imagined them. And by introducing them, Shakespeare transformed *The Cobler's Prophecy* almost—but not quite—out of recognition.

After completing this article I learnt that J. M. Nosworthy had made an independent discovery of the Markedy/Mercury parallel. His essay, "The Importance of Being Marcade", will appear in the 1979 volume of Shakespeare Survey. *Professor Nosworthy, however, does not treat* The Cobler's Prophecy *as a source for* Love's Labour's Lost.

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According to plan

By W. G. Hoskins

COLIN PLATT:
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Few historians have done more to bring medieval history alive than Colin Platt. He, with a few others such as Maurice Beresford, is transforming it from a dreary "subject" mostly concerned with constitutional issues and other abstract fields of knowledge into a living thing. (I have long regarded Tait's *The Medieval English Borough*, published more than forty years ago, as a grand soporific, though the historical field fascinated me as a schoolboy.) To me, and to countless other schoolboys and students, the subject never came alive. Forty years later I can see things I missed and pick them up with some alacrity, but Dr Platt's *Medieval England* gets down to realities and engages the reader's attention from the word go.

First of all it is beautifully produced, a book to handle with pleasure, with scores of clear black-and-white illustrations plus a number of colour plates, and a text that moves firmly and surely in what could be a morass of ill-assorted facts. Dr Platt is a practised writer; in his *Medieval Southampton* (1973) and *The English Medieval Town* three years later, he covered a wider field and also brought to bear his expert knowledge of medieval archaeology.

In such a wide-ranging field the problem of presentation becomes an acute one. Here Dr Platt resolves it by taking seven "periods" from 1066 down to 1600, periods that have their own unity but obviously overlap at the edges. Beginning with the Anglo-Norman Settlement, he moves on to the economic growth of the generations down to the Black Death; and then of course the great setback of the plague, which was not just one massive blow but a series of visitations. Though a vast number of villages and towns were decimated, much remained—stability, as he says, at a lower level: many churches reduced to ruins for lack of parishioners, yet at the same time some of the grandest medieval churches going up anew during the fifteenth century. Soon afterwards the first of the great country houses were being built, houses with no thought of fortification as the Tudor dynasty settled in. Of these Compton Wynyates is one of the earliest and most perfect.

An enormous amount remains of medieval England in visible form, apart from the churches and monastic ruins. The distribution map of moated sites shows a remarkable picture, above all in the Midlands and East Anglia, and this distribution is not always explicable in terms of history and topography.

It is odd, though, that Dr Platt nowhere gives a distribution map of deserted village sites, of which there are now nearly 3,000 known. His plans, however, of the evolution of early farmsteads, largely the result of excavation, show a tantalizing variety. In many parts of England farmhouses have stood on the same site for a thousand years and possibly more; but they have been rebuilt over and over again and rarely does one house rest squarely on top of the older base. Similarly the various plans of the parish church at Wharram Percy on the Yorkshire Wolds show that what appears on the surface, though it may look straightforward, is the result of many unexpected changes ranging from Anglo-Saxon times down to the nineteenth century. I suspect that a great number of villages which appear straightforward to us today are equally complicated below ground.

Dr Platt's combination of archaeological expertise and documentary sources is a rare one, and there is evidently a vast amount of work still to be done. The story is one of increasing complexity of plans and development. I for one will be more hesitant in future about [illegible] ing riddles at first sight on the ground. This is a splendid work of *haute vulgarisation*, fluently written by a scholar; it ought to be in every school and college library, and is not dear at the price.

The many sides of Pepys

By Richard Ollard

ROBERT LATHAM (Editor):
Catalogue of the Pepys Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge
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Compiled by N. A. Smith assisted by H. M. Adams and D. Pepys Whiteley
pp. Ipswich: D. S. Brewer. £35.

The sweeping advance of Pepysian studies presided over by Robert Latham and inspired by his own magnificent edition of the *Diary* shows no sign of faltering. The present work, conceived and executed with a scholarship and liberality worthy of its subject, inaugurates a full catalogue of the Pepys Library. It will be followed by six companion volumes: 2 Broadside Ballads; 3 Prints and Drawings; 4 Music, Maps and Calligraphy; 5 Manuscripts; 6 Bindings; and 7 Pepys's Catalogue which will include a general account of the Library. The scale of such a programme would not be possible without the generous private patronage of which Pepys himself was so notable an exemplar. "... Hospitable, Generous ... a very great Cherisher of Learned Men, of whom he had the Conversation ...". It is fitting that this first volume should be inscribed to the modern benefactor of his library and of his old college in which it is housed.

The value of the present publication is manifold. Pepys's Library is the earliest private library in England to survive in its entirety (bar half a dozen books that have been missing for at least seventy years). To bibliographers and to historians of culture in the widest sense an up-to-date author-title catalogue, giving the place, imprint and date of publication together with the entry numbers, where appropriate, of Pollard and Redgrave and Wing, will need no recommendation. The many-sidedness of Pepys's intellectual curiosity, the assiduity and energy with which, to the very end of his long life, he pursued the cultivation of his mind, the time, the care, the money that he lavished on his library, make its contents as near to an epitome of late seventeenth-century English civilization as we are likely to find. The fact that the great bulk of the three thousand volumes is in English dictates the choice of adjective, but Pepys was eminently European, not to say ecumenical, in his interests and attitudes, a fact reflected in the wide range of languages and topics represented in his collection. We know that he read French and Spanish and Latin with ease. To a man so equipped Italian presents little difficulty. He could write his name in Greek (and in so doing adds some, but not decisive, evidence to the generally accepted pronunciation of his surname) but neither the Diary nor his correspondence suggest that he read the Greek texts on his shelves. The presence of works in Malay, Chinese and Anglo-Saxon shows that the collection, for all its intensely personal quality, expressed an aspiration to a conspectus of knowledge wider even than its designer could compass.

None the less it is for the light that it throws on Pepys himself, his cast of mind, his time and circumstances, his likes and dislikes, that those in thrall to the *perpetuum mobile* of his vitality will read this list. The violence and the instability of the age he lived in, so much at variance with his own instinctive preference for reason and order and tranquillity, insist themselves in the constant recurrence of trials, controversial pamphlets, speeches from the scaffold and the like. The amount of theology held by a man who had so little taste for it reminds us again of the world with which he had to come to terms. In this connection one is surprised by the unevenness of his holdings among the Cambridge Platonists, who dominated the university in his formative years and whose liberalism and tolerance seem so sympathetic to his own. Of the leading exponents of that school his library includes five works by Henry More (including one bought in the year he went down from Magdalene), two books by Cudworth, the complete works of Joseph Mede, but only a sermon from Tuckney and nothing of Benjamin Whichcote. Among contemporary poets too there are some surprises. Marvell's verse is conspicuous by its absence. Milton, no favourite of Pepys, is handsomely represented by *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* together with the collected prose works in three volumes folio. Dryden, on the other hand, a personal friend and a political ally, is accorded far less generous treatment. Can it be that *Absalom and Achitophel*, *Religio Laici*, *The Hind and the Panther*, *The Funeral Pindarique Poem to the memory of King Charles II* found no place in the library of a man whose sympathies they so happily express? Yet though the companion volume published a year earlier is listed, *Poems on various occasions* . . . is not. Dryden's character of Polybius and his writings that preface a two-volume translation of the *Historics* published in 1693 is not separately indexed under the author's name. And of course Pepys possessed Dryden's translation of Virgil.

Puzzles abound to stir the historical imagination. Did Pepys believe that the *Character of a Trimmer* was really the work of his old friend and mentor Sir William Coventry, to whom it was long ascribed? Surely even if he did not identify the more majestic pace of his nephew, the Marquess of Halifax, he must have been too familiar with the brisk step of Coventry's prose to be deceived? And where did he stand on the vexed question of the authorship of *Eikon Basilike* of which he possessed an edition dated within two months of its first publication as well as the authorized version in Royston's *Workes of King Charles the Martyr*? The front runner in the great controversy that broke out in the 1690s, Bishop Gauden, was the brother of his old colleague, the Victualler of the Navy. It would have been strange if his claims, accepted by both Charles II and James II, had been unknown to Pepys. Perhaps we may infer his opinion from the presence in the library of Anthony Walker's book on the subject. Walker had been Gauden's curate and was a strong champion of his authorship.

One puzzle has perhaps been set by the compilers. Why is the famous collection of French charts *Le Neptune François* included, while the equally celebrated work of Pepys's protegé, Captain Greenville Collins, *Great Britain's Coasting Pilot*, is nor? Pepys was so much impressed with the quality of the French charts that he had them collated with those of Collins, in which, he thought, they exposed serious deficiencies. What is even more puzzling is that the book is dated 1693 whereas J. R. Tanner (*Naval Minutes*, 316, footnote 5), rightly emphasizes that Pepys's copy is dated 1691 in spite of the usually accepted date of 1693.

That this is no mere typographical error is shown by Pepys's attempts to base an attack on his old enemy, Admiral Russell, for his failure to pursue the numerically inferior French fleet under Tourville after the battle of La Hougue in 1692 on this very fact. The excuse that the approaches to St Malo were insufficiently known would not wash.

Pepys maintained his active interest in this splendid collection up to the last. Many of the books here listed were published in the last years or months of his life. Though Swift has no entry under his own name he appears as the editor of Sir William Temple's letters. Burnet has a number of entries but the *History of My Own Time* missed one avid reader by not being published till the eighteenth century was well advanced. The liveliness that has made Pepys the favourite companion of generations of English readers did not desert him in his retirement and old age. It is worthily commemorated in this fascinating catalogue.

On the reference shelves

By Giles Barber

LOUISE-NOELLE MALCLES:
Manuel de Bibliographie
Revised by Andrée Lhéritier
pp. Paris: Presses Universitaires de France. 135 fr.

The years 1976 and 1977 saw the deaths of two authors of basic bibliographical tools whose names alone had become titles for librarians and library users the world over: Besterman and Malclès. To the Anglo-Saxon world the latter was not as well known perhaps, for no proper reference section [illegible] her work. From the early 1930s Louise-Noëlle Malclès had been an active and leading force in French reference bibliography and from her long years associated with teaching French librarians she left many pupils to bear eloquent witness to her personality and generosity. In the forefront of the organization of French information services after the war, Mlle Malclès was also active in Unesco and favoured a wide interdisciplinary approach, knowing well that any librarian is liable to be called on to assist in research fields unknown to him and that he must be able to orientate himself and his readers in both general and specialized fields.

Her own publications ranged from short books like the "Que sais-je" *La Bibliographie* (1956), recently translated into Arabic, to the more monumental four-volume *Sources du travail bibliographique* (1950-58); but all stemmed from her teaching of bibliography to young librarians and to university students which is so well reflected in her *Manuel de bibliographie*, a work which shared the Bestermanian interest in the history of the subject, and an overall range. The *Manuel* is a guide to the general reference shelves of a major national library with international interests and a guide to others as to what exists. French librarians will welcome its precise and careful updating by Andrée Lhéritier as they regret its author's death.

To the foreigner this work is both a valuable manual in the great French tradition and yet something of a mysterious compilation. The sans serif type used throughout is unattractive and left me with an unfortunate sense of an impersonal, public institutional world. The centred headings too give little sense of structure and indeed while most of the works one would expect to find are there one is often forced to use the author index to find them.

Nor are the cross-references without error. *Le British Museum*, sometimes italicized like a book title, is at one point explained, without specific reference to its library, to have become the "British Library", the inverted commas occasionally used for either form almost suggesting some element of disbelief. The work is clearly intended for a Francophone audience, although even they might be surprised to find the section on English dictionaries apparently under language and literature in Canada!

Nevertheless it is salutary to ingrained chauvinistic reference habits to be reminded that excellent guides to one's own national history or literature are available in other languages. Having mastered the theoretical and rather French structure of the book the user has a fine, historically conscious and highly detailed reference source book at his disposition. Descriptions are clear and the information in general is full and reasonably up-to-date. One welcomes this new edition which clearly contains much new material presented in what is now a great tradition. If one wishes to keep further up to date one can always note that "Le Supplément littéraire du *Times* hebdomadaire, contient une sélection de nouveaux livres écrits en diverses langues, avec analyses".

The trade in Grenoble

By Peter France

H. J. MARTIN and M. LECOCQ:
Les Registres du libraire Nicolas (1645-1668)
865pp. Two volumes. Geneva: Droz. 100 Sw fr.

"You people who shine in the capital have prejudices of which you need to be cured; you think you lay down the law for the whole of France, and three-quarters of France does not know that you exist. Books that are a flop in Paris make the fortunes of provincial booksellers." Thus Rousseau in 1761, giving a reminder in advance to students of French cultural history that Paris is not the whole of France. And of course there have been many studies of the intellectual and literary life of the French provinces in the eighteenth century—in relation to the book trade one thinks of the valuable articles in *Livre et société dans la France du 18e siècle*.

For studies of seventeenth-century French literature Paris has been if anything even more dominant. The great work on the book trade of this period, H. J. Martin's *Livre, pouvoirs et société*, is specifically restricted to the capital. The present volumes, however, provide a welcome provincial complement to the earlier work. Where *Livre, pouvoirs et société* analysed the official book production (titles rather than circulation) and the total holdings revealed in inventories of a large number of Parisian libraries, *Les Registres du libraire Nicolas* allows us to see something of the actual movement of books in one provincial town, Grenoble.

What H. J. Martin and M Lecocq have provided here is an analysis of the information contained in the accounts of a Grenoble bookseller and small-time publisher, the firm of Nicolas. These accounts not only note trade with other booksellers, but also record the books sold to local people. Martin and Lecocq have drawn up alphabetical lists (including sociological or bibliographical information) of all Nicolas's customers, his trading partners and the titles he sells. There are cross-references between the three lists, and above all under each title we can see the number of copies sold.

It is a vastly informative compilation. It is true that the record is not as complete as it might have been, not complete enough to be fed into a computer. Thus there are gaps in the accounts and the list of titles sold does not include those that were paid for on the spot—it is therefore particularly full for the 1650s when ready cash was in short supply. Moreover, Nicolas was only one of three main Grenoble booksellers of the period, he had strong Protestant connections, and one cannot say if his records give a representative picture of the movement of books in Grenoble as a whole. And of course one should not imagine that the list given here provides an accurate picture of people's actual reading habits—it does not include books already in the customers' possession for a start. Such records as these need therefore to be taken together with the information in Martin's earlier book—and even then, what sort of a picture of our reading can be culled from lists of the books we buy and possess?

Nevertheless, one has to judge from what there is, and the Nicolas registers do provide an unprecedented view of the reality of book-buying in this period. In a judicious introductory section Martin has brought out the salient points for cultural history. There are no great surprises in the list of customers; the structure of the book-buying public echoes that of Grenoble society, confirming that the book is for the elite. But what is more surprising, particularly in relation to the library holdings analysed in Martin's Paris book, is the up-to-date, "literary" and even mildly subversive nature of the Grenoblois' reading. As one might expect, religious books occupy a large place in the best-seller lists, but so too do works by such fashionable writers as Balzac, Corneille, Chapelain, La Mothe le Vayer, Saint-Amant, La Calprenède and Voiture, very many of them in cheap pirated editions (which fulfilled something of the function of the modern paperback). Easily the largest single section, however, is that of the "Mazarinades", pamphlets connected with the Fronde, and as often as not expressing opposition sentiments. And then, apart from the mid-century best-sellers, it is possible to dip into the book-list at random, coming up with *Amadis de Gaule* and *L'Astrée* as well as the occasional early Molière or Racine. Altogether Nicolas's accounts give the lie to the remark by Rousseau with which I began.

If the history of literature, rather than limiting itself to a series of studies of authors or books, is to provide knowledge about the institution of literature in past societies, then the study of the book trade must be an important part of it. These volumes, which have clearly demanded a great deal of painstaking work from Martin, Lecocq and their collaborators, are a valuable contribution to that study—as well as being a fascinating bran-tub.

Administrator's choice

By Daniel Waley

ARMANDO PETRUCCI:
Catalogo Sommario dei Manoscritti del Fondo Rossi. Sezione Corsiniana
287pp (15 illustrations). Rome: Accademia Nazionale dei Lincei. L.15,000.

Nicola Rossi (1711-1785) was a Florentine who for more than half a century acted as an administrator to the Corsini family in Rome. He built up a very considerable library and, since his taste was versatile, its cataloguer needs to be versatile also. In a useful introduction, Armando Petrucci tells us a good deal about Rossi and his books; it is perhaps ungrateful to say that it would have been interesting to learn even more about the printed books. Rossi's library was purchased by the Corsini in 1786 for 12,000 *scudi* and passed with the rest of that family's library to the Accademia Nazionale dei Lincei in 1883.

Professor Petrucci, himself formerly *vice-direttore* of the Lincei's Biblioteca Accademica, has produced an entirely admirable catalogue. This he calls "summary", but it is summary only in the obvious sense that one man cannot hope to produce single-handed an elaborate description of 400 manuscripts of many varieties and dates. He has concentrated, he explains, on offering "a description and critical evaluation of those aspects and data which are least identifiable from photographic reproductions, i.e., those concerning the handwriting, the make-up of the codex and its ornamentation, etc". He attempts throughout to provide dating within a half or quarter-century, together with hypotheses concerning places of origin, etc, based on style.

Those who know the author's earlier writings will not need to be told that the catalogue reveals an easy mastery concerning palaeographical matters. Professor Petrucci also provides a wealth of careful indexes. There is an index of names of "authors, persons named and titles of anonymous works", one of manuscripts with miniatures and illustrations, one of owners and donors, one of copyists and places of copying, one of *incipits*, finally one of dated and datable manuscripts. It is particularly striking that, of a total of some 368 manuscripts described, as many as fifty can be assigned to precise dates in the fifteenth century. Occasionally the dates are interesting in that they challenge received views about taste and readership; for instance the Boccaccio *De mulieribus claris* (admittedly in the vernacular) of 1460 is a reminder that not all Italians found that author's Latin works out of date in the heyday of the humanists.

Inevitably there are a few slips and misprints. Nicholas IV once appears in place of Nicholas V (p 107) and Cardinal Reginald "Poole" (for Pole: p 221). Also Rossi MS 60 was bought for three ducats at Venice *ad publicum incantum . . . super platea Sancti Marci* and Rossi MS 127 once belonged to a pupil of master Gabriele of Concorezzo *qui est bonus magister, in sua arte non est indoctus*; but neither of these pieces of information gets into the indexes, Professor Petrucci, like so many lesser men, having become the prisoner of his own indexing rules.

Contempt of court

By Philip Ziegler

LUCY NORTON :
First Lady of Versailles
Marie Adelaide of Savoy Dauphine of France
402pp. Hamish Hamilton. £7.95.

Through her admirable translation of Saint Simon's memoirs Lucy Norton has done more than anyone to familiarize the British reader with life at the court of Louis XIV. Like all great memoir writers, Saint Simon can make a character come alive in a few descriptive phrases, but as his colossal cast strays on and off the stage, the reader is inevitably left dissatisfied. When his *dramatis personae* are doing nothing to attract his attention, Saint Simon forgets about them; it is not his function to fill in the gaps. His memoirs provide unrivalled raw material for the biographer, but are no substitute for a biography. Again and again the reader finds himself tantalized, wishing to know what happens to a character when he ventures out of Saint Simon's sight or strays outside the goldfish-bowl of Versailles. Of no one is this more true than of Princess Adelaide, wife of the Duc de Bourgogne and briefly Dauphine of France.

Adelaide had been born a Princess of Savoy—a state whose geography gave it an importance out of proportion to its prosperity and its population. Its control of the Alpine passes ensured that it would be courted by France and Austria and made the ten-year-old Adelaide a natural bride for the grandson of Louis XIV. For the countries concerned it was a dynastic alliance; significant but unremarkable. For the little princess it meant that she was torn from her family and a secluded life, deprived of friends, attendants and even her most cherished possessions — "France wants her naked" wrote the Duke of Savoy's ambassador—and pitchforked into an alien and alarming world.

The prospect was perhaps less terrifying for Adelaide than for most girls of her age. Her mother, Duchess Anne, was of French royal blood and had taught her daughter that of all countries France was the most glorious, of all courts Versailles the most civilized and splendid, and among monarchs *le roi soleil* pre-eminent. Louis XIV was her great uncle; Louis's brother, her grandfather Philippe, was also at court. She was of a happy and trusting disposition, ready to enjoy life and any new experience that might offer itself.

The experiences least likely to be enjoyable were those produced by the omnipresent code of protocol and precedence. She encountered them first at the frontier, when the French coach had to be laboriously backed exactly to the centre of the bridge between France and Savoy so that the doors would open on to neutral territory. Once over the bridge M de Brionne caused trouble by insisting on his right to a similar armchair to that used by the foreign princess—the problem was solved by ensuring that neither sat in the other's presence. The Dutch ambassadress cunningly thrust forward her daughter for a kiss from the ever-obliging Adelaide. The distinction was beyond her station and, though it was agreed Adelaide could hardly have known, "Some of the royal family were inclined to blame her, on the assumption that a princess of her birth and breeding should have recognized the unkissable by instinct".

Adelaide bore such trials with equanimity. "The constraints of court etiquette, often amounting to torture, seemed as nothing to her", wrote Saint Simon. It would not have been so easy if Louis XIV had not taken to her from their first meeting. In recent years Versailles had lost the glitter which Duchess Anne had described so enthusiastically to her daughter. It had decayed, in Miss Norton's phrase, into "the Court of an elderly King, preoccupied with thoughts of death and damnation, and life there had become inexpressibly tedious". Into this sombre assembly Adelaide brought youth, laughter and unquenchable gaiety. The old king doted on her and permitted her liberties he would never have allowed one of his own grandchildren. Madame de Maintenon, his cool, high-principled wife, was equally enraptured by the newcomer. Adelaide had been sent to France on approval and, at the cost of a little embarrassment, could easily have been packed back to Savoy. Within a few weeks of her arrival the period of probation had been forgotten—she was at home.

She was more at home, indeed, than her future husband. Louis, Duc de Bourgogne, with twisted shoulder, long nose and protruding lower jaw, was physically unattractive and had little in the way of wit or charm to redeem this deficiency. Educated by Fénelon to regard adultery with detestation, he quickly persuaded himself that he was in love with his childish bride. He had to wait till she was almost fourteen and he seventeen, however, before their marriage could be consummated. Baron de Breteuil proposed to entitle a chapter in his memoirs: "From Evening to Morning: the First Night passed together by Mgr le Duc and Mme la Duchesse de Bourgogne". In the event the necessary information was lacking but it sounds as if it would anyhow have lacked savour. After a few months' cohabitation the Duke seemed more in love than ever but Adelaide was conspicuously dissatisfied with her gauche and unenterprising lover.

Not surprisingly, in her three years at Versailles she had become thoroughly spoilt. Marital life did not cure her. She learnt to drink, to flirt, to gamble for high stakes. She indulged a penchant for practical jokes, sending off twenty drummers of the Swiss guard to beat their kettledrums in the bedroom of the Princess d'Harcourt and, on another occasion, bombarding the same victim with snowballs until "her bed was awash with ice-cold water and the floor flooded." Louis XIV could forgive such youthful high spirits but his patience was strained when her excesses began to interfere with her paramount duty, to produce an heir to the throne of France. "Was it not enough for one day to have a dinner-party, a riding-party, a hunt and a supper-party", he asked angrily when he heard that she had been playing cards till dawn. A series of miscarriages attested to her self-indulgence and her carelessness. It was not till 1704, eight years after her arrival in France, that she produced the longed-for heir.

Even then she was only nineteen. She had plenty of time to learn wisdom and learn it she did. After her husband's reputation was damaged by the ignominious French defeat at Oudenarde she stuck by him loyally and did not rest until his great rival and enemy Vendôme had been hounded from the court. She now devoted to prayer the hours that formerly would have been passed at cards or dalliance. With Madame de Maintenon slipping into old age her influence over the King grew ever stronger. She was indeed becoming the First Lady of Versailles.

With this new seriousness of purpose allied to her wit and charm, she might have done great things. If her husband had lived to become Louis XV and she his queen, it is conceivable that eighteenth-century France might have followed a happier course. It was not to be. Her health had been weakened by her train of life and early in 1712 she was attacked by measles. The fever was violent, the bleeding to which the doctors pinned their faith did nothing but weaken her further. On February 12 she died. Her husband, a victim of the same disease, seemed to lose the will to live with his wife's passing and survived her by barely a week.

Adelaide's last conscious words were: "Princess today, tomorrow nothing, and in two days forgotten." That she has not been forgotten is thanks in large part to her prominence in the incomparable chronicles of Saint Simon. Miss Norton has used these materials admirably and has drawn upon what other sources there are to paint the picture not only of a curious and attractive personality but also of an age. For the student of politics or of society, the lover of the picturesque or the bizarre, the court of the Sun King enjoys a peculiar fascination. Through the life of this gay, vivacious and indomitable little duchess it reveals a new and on the whole attractive aspect.

Second course

By Lindsay Duguid

MICHEL GUERARD :
Cuisine Gourmande
448pp. Macmillan. £6.95.

Like all the best cookery writers, Michel Guérard is guru as well as instructor, offering new philosophies and new ways. In *Cuisine Minceur* he introduced the concept of food that was both virtuous and savoury and turned us from the path of heavy rich sauces to pursue ideals of purity, lightness and colour. It was no longer the mark of a first-class meal that it should leave you speechless: rituals involving vegetable purées and herbs largely displaced the old ones of frying in butter and drowning in cream. His new book, *Cuisine Gourmande*, is grander and perhaps closer to Carrier, but it is still "nouvelle cuisine". In his introduction M Guérard says that he owes much to his grandmother, but the book has few links with traditional French cuisine and has an air of modern chic which suggests the inspiration may have come from his publishers rather than his ancestors. The emphasis is on unusual mixtures and careful preparation.

The promise of achieving a new repertoire as a cook will spur the dedicated on to chop, whisk and steam without questioning the instructions as an act of faith; and if the recipe for success this time includes crayfish, seaweed and salsify, many will have served an apprenticeship which called for calf's head, goose fat or juniper berries, and will know that time and effort do work miracles. Here the doctrine is interpreted for us by Caroline Conran, who smoothes the novice's path by giving non-metric equivalents and the occasional dispensation to substitute, for instance, lumpfish roe for caviare.

M Guérard does inspire. Croûtons are no longer a matter of frying little bits of bread but merit seven variations and additions such as quails, anchovies and fresh salmon. His suggestions for combinations of ingredients (lamb ragoût with aubergines, tomatoes and olives, veal with a vegetable stuffing and a cream and chive sauce, smoked fish salad with crudités) and his interest in presentation make you want to cook as much as eat. (The photographs in the book which show the dishes like jewelry against a neutral background also have this effect.)

M Guérard also covers the groundwork of cooking in an exemplary manner. There is a section on kitchen equipment, and clear drawings showing how to fillet a fish, and how to make a vegetable julienne; gravy and pastry-making are also taught. His introductory chapters on the basic methods of cooking, "cooking by sealing", "cooking by exchange", roasting, sautéing, and fish à la meunière, lead gently into the more complex recipes and the pleasures of fish mousse, asparagus-filled pastries and grilled duck with herb butter. At all levels he is encouraging: he is not of the "remove it as soon as it is done" school, but is helpful on what to look for in the cooking process. The best sections in the book are on soups, salads and vegetables, and the most elaborately unsatisfying on pastries and puddings (crème Chantilly, honey ice-cream, light pear soufflés).

Cuisine Gourmande is not for the timid or the lazy cook. But it would be a pity to think that it would be nice to eat this food if only someone else were to prepare it. The gentle but firm voice of the author is present throughout, holding out the promise of the attainment of an art.

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Homestall Road, London SE22

This school was formed in September, 1978, by the amalgamation of Friern and Honor Oak schools to form a Girls' Secondary School organised on Comprehensive lines with a roll of 1,150 pupils. The school is on two sites with a new sixth form library in the former Honor Oak building. The librarian will be responsible for setting up the new libraries and developing them to meet the needs of the school. Clerical assistance is provided.

Application forms from The Education Officer, EO/Estab 1B, Room 367, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB.

Please enclose a large stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Completed application forms to be returned not later than : Friday, 8 December, 1978.

CITY OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
EDUCATION LIBRARY SERVICE

SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

SLATYFORD AND JOHN MARLAY SCHOOLS

Applications are invited for the post of SCHOOL LIBRARIAN. The main responsibility is for the organisation of the libraries within the school in consultation with the Head Teachers, and under the direction of the Education Librarian.

Each school librarian has the help of two library assistants.

Salary scale AP4 (£3,933-£4,320) plus supplement of £312 p.a.

The appointment is a full-time one and Local Government service conditions apply.

Assistance towards the cost of removal and resettlement expenses will be paid in approved cases. Temporary housing may be available.

Application forms and further details are available from and returnable to Jack Chadderton, Director of Education, Civic Centre, Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 8PU, within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement.

City of Newcastle upon Tyne

The British Council

LIBRARIANS AND BOOKS OFFICERS

OVERSEAS CAREER SERVICE

The British Council, which has a responsibility for Britain's cultural and educational relations overseas, will have some vacancies in 1979. The Council is represented in over 80 countries. Overseas Career Service staff must expect to serve wherever they are posted, and to spend two thirds or more of their working lives abroad.
Staff joining the Overseas Career Service bring with them a wide variety of skills and experience and most appointments are made with a view to eventual transfer to senior posts; promotion is on merit. The Council has a continuing need for a proportion of new staff with qualifications and experience in librarianship, as well as in the other specialist subjects of interest to the Council: science, engineering and English language teaching for example.
We should like to hear from you if you have a postgraduate qualification in librarianship and not less than five years' postqualification experience. An aptitude for languages is highly desirable, and knowledge of a hard language, Arabic for example, will be advantageous. An essential requirement is the personal and managerial qualities which overseas representation demands.
Recently most successful candidates for the Overseas Career Service have been between 25 and 32 years of age, but we should be glad to hear from younger or older candidates who have the necessary background. Only in rare cases is appointment offered to candidates over the age of 40.
The initial salary is in the region of £5,300, possibly higher for particularly well-qualified candidates, and terms and conditions of service are in line with those of comparable organizations in the public sector: free accommodation and overseas allowances, including children's education allowances, are provided while overseas.
For further details and an application form, please write or telephone, quoting C1, to Staff Recruitment Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London W1Y 2AA, telephone 01-499 8011, extension 3041.

BBC

REFERENCE LIBRARY

at

BROADCASTING HOUSE

requires

QUALIFIED LIBRARIAN

With good Reference Library experience to join team of Library Assistants operating a reference service within the Central Reference Library of the BBC.

Interest in the theatre and cinema desirable. Salary: £3,290 per annum (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) by £150 to £4,040 per annum. Plus 4 per cent Shift Allowance.

Telephone or write immediately, enclosing addressed envelope, quoting reference 78.G.1755 T.L. to Appointments Department, London W1 1AA. Tel.: 01-580 4468 Ext. 4619.

BBC

OXFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARIES

FIRST PROFESSIONAL POSTS

Applications are invited from enthusiastic and committed young librarians seeking their first professional post. A number of interesting vacancies are currently available due mainly to internal promotions. We are attempting to build into each of these posts participation in book selection or involvement in special bibliographical projects ongoing at the present time. The jobs include elements of work at the Central Library and Headquarters Departments based respectively in Oxford and Wheatley.

Candidates should be completing their period at a Library School, or have passed the final professional examination or be Chartered Librarians.

Salaries will be on the Librarians' Scale, £2,967 to £3,834 per annum, plus £312 per annum supplement. Initial placing on the scale will depend on qualifications and experience.

A description of the posts and an application form may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Libraries' Headquarters, Holton, Oxford OX9 1QQ. Closing date: December 8, 1978.

SENIOR LOCAL STUDIES LIBRARIAN : R33

A vacancy exists in the County Archives Department for a chartered librarian to take charge of the local printed collections at the Ipswich Branch of the Suffolk Record Office, to share in the local studies service provided by the Office, and to have, under the County Archivist, oversight of the administration of and development of the local printed collections for the Department as a whole. It will be the responsibility of the post holder to advise the County Archivist and County Librarian on means of developing and co-ordinating the use of printed materials in local studies services throughout the county, and to assist in promoting that development in such ways as are then agreed.
The post is a new one, providing scope for enthusiasm and initiative and, equally, calling for a high level of commitment.
Candidates, preferably having a degree, should have a minimum of three years' relevant experience, and must be able to drive.
Salary £4,461 to £5,256 plus annual supplement of £312 per annum with bar at £4,761. Generous relocation allowances in appropriate circumstances.
Application forms and further particulars available from the County Archivist, Suffolk Record Office, County Hall, Ipswich IP4 2JS, to whom completed forms should be sent within 21 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

Suffolk County Council

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
LIBRARIES DIVISION

ASSISTANT BOROUGH LIBRARIAN
LIBRARY SERVICES

£6798-£7515 inclusive per annum
Essential car user's allowance

This is a new and challenging second-tier post, arising out of a reorganised senior structure in one of the busiest and most progressive library systems in the country. The post demands a well-qualified librarian with good management experience, committed to making the public library services in Sutton more efficient and relevant to the needs of the 1980s.
Application forms and further details obtainable from Borough Librarian, Central Library, St Nicholas Way, Sutton, Surrey SM1 1EA. Tel: 01-661 5026.
Closing date 9 December, 1978.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
SUTTON

CITY OF WAKEFIELD
METROPOLITAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
Library Headquarters, Balne Lane, Wakefield

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
SERVICE TO SCHOOLS
LS/AP4, £2,828-£4,632 (inclusive of supplement)
£3,732 minimum for Chartered Librarians
Applicants should preferably be Chartered Librarians with professional experience in work with children and/or service to schools.

Hemsworth/Kinsley/Havercroft Library
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Librarians Scale, £2,823-£4,146 (inclusive of supplement, bar at £3,339)
Applicants should be Chartered Librarians but applications will be considered from Librarians who have completed professional examinations but are not yet Chartered.
Requests for application forms (accompanied by a s.a.e.) should be addressed to the Chief Executive (Personnel Section), Town Hall, Wakefield, to be returned by 8th December, 1978.

North-Eastern Education and Library Board

Applications are invited for the following post:
AREA LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS, DEMESNE AVENUE, BALLYMENA

AUDIO-VISUAL LIBRARIAN
Salary Scale: £4,245-£4,632 per annum.
The person appointed will be responsible, under supervision, for the operation, expansion and development of the present audio-visual library services to schools and colleges and for the operation of the record/cassette service to the general public via Branch Libraries. This is a joint schools/public service appointment although the stocks of the two services are not integrated.
Applicants must be Chartered Librarians.
The post is open to both men and women.
Application forms may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, from the Personnel Officer, North-Eastern Education and Library Board, County Hall, 182 Galgorm Road, Ballymena, BT42 1HN, and must be returned not later than 5.00 p.m. on THURSDAY, 7th DECEMBER, 1978.
Canvassing in any form will disqualify.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LEICESTER CITY COUNCIL

INFORMATION & PUBLICITY OFFICER

£5,232-£5,568 p.a.

This post in the Recreational and Cultural Services Department is concerned with the management of a busy Information Bureau and Tourist Information (N) Centre handling over 180,000 enquiries a year; the preparation and publication of leaflets, booklets and publicity material; exhibitions, the promotion of tourism including liaison with hotels, conference organisers, the East Midlands Tourist Board and other organisations connected with tourism and information. Assistance with the Leicester Promotion Campaign and co-operation with other Council Departments on publicity and information is also involved.

Applicants should have previous experience in information work and civic publicity. An ability to write copy for a variety of purposes is essential. The capacity to meet deadlines and to communicate effectively with the wide range of contacts involved is also important. No specific professional qualifications are required, but Associateship of the Library Association or a qualification in the publicity field would be an advantage.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from the Director of Personnel and Management Services, New Walk Centre, Welford Place, Leicester, LE1 6ZG. Telephone LE (0533) 549922 Ext. 7084.

Closing date for completed applications is the 1st December, 1978.

LEICESTER
Right at the centre

Colchester Institute
Sheepen Road, Colchester CO3 3LL
Tel.: (0206) 70271

Institute Librarian

(Principal Lecturer Grade £7,047-£7,818)

Required as soon as possible to be reponsible for split-site libraries covering a wide range of subject specialisms and levels. Applicants must have professional qualifications as librarians and experience in further/higher education. Teaching experience would be an advantage.

Further details and application forms from the Director to be returned within 14 days from publication of this advertisement.

Essex County Council

BULMERSHE COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Assistant Librarian

Salary AP3 £3,732-£4,146

Duties include cataloguing, classification, academic liaison and enquiry desk work. Applications are invited from qualified librarians.

Further particulars available from the Senior Administrative Officer, Bulmershe College of Higher Education, Woodlands Avenue, Earley, Reading, Berks. (Tel. Reading 663387.)

CYNGOR SIR
GWYNEDD
COUNTY COUNCIL

GWASANAETH LLYFRGELL

LLYFRGELLYDD CANGEN BANGOR

A.P. 2/3; £3279-£4146 yn cynnwys atodiad

Telir lleiafswm o £3732 i Lyfrgellydd Siartredig

Dylai'r ymgeiswyr fod naill ai a Gradd Prifysgol ynghyd a Diploma mewn Llyfrgellyddiaeth neu wedi graddio mewn Llyfrgellyddiaeth neu wedi pasio Arholiadau Terfynol Proffesiynol Cymdeithas Llyfrgelloedd.

Ffurflenni oddi gan: Swyddog Personél y Sir, Swyddfa'r Sir, Caernarfon. Dyddiad cau: Rhagfyr 8, 1978.

IRELAND

COUNTY LIBRARIAN

Sligo Co. Council

Salary: £4,933-£6,144.

Essential:
- (a) Qualification in Librarianship;
- (b) Experience of Library Work;
- (c) Knowledge of Irish.

Application forms and further particulars from

Secretary, Local Appointments Commission, 1 Lower Grand Canal Street, Dublin 2.

Closing date: 6th December, 1978.

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

SENIOR ASSISTANT £3,108-£4,431 p.a.

(£4,017 minimum for a qualified librarian)

Applications are invited from qualified librarians with library experience.

Application form and further details from Chief Librarian and Curator, The Retreat, Retreat Road, Richmond, Surrey TW9 1PH. (01-940 0031), returnable by 6th December, 1978.

London Borough of
RICHMOND UPON THAMES

OXFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARIES

LIBRARIAN

Librarians' Scale, £2,511-£3,834 per annum plus £312 supplement per annum

Applications for the above post are invited from suitably qualified Librarians. The person appointed will be responsible for the administration of the South West Mobile Library, which is based at Wantage and which serves an attractive area of the County extending from the boarder with Wiltshire to the environs of the City of Oxford.

The minimum salary for a Chartered Librarian will be £3,420 per annum plus supplement, and for a person who has completed Part 2 of the Library Association Examinations or its equivalent £2,967 per annum plus supplement.

Removal and resettlement allowances of up to £500 and separation allowances of £8 per week will be paid in appropriate cases.

A description of the post and an application form may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Libraries' Headquarters, Holton, Oxford, OX9 1QQ. Closing date: 8th December, 1978.

BOROUGH OF SOUTH TYNESIDE

DIRECTORATE OF CULTURAL AND LEISURE ACTIVITIES

BRANCH LIBRARIAN (WHITBURN) £2,823-£4,146 inclusive

Applications are invited from suitably qualified librarians to take control of the above branch and to become part of a professional team advising the Assistant Director (Libraries).

The successful candidate will be involved with book selection, estimates preparation, staff control and all other services from branch.

Application forms are available from the Chief Personnel and Managements Officer (Ref. 49), Westoe Hall, Westoe Village, South Shields, Tyne and Wear (Tel. South Shields 552191) and should be returned by noon, 8th December, 1978.

Imperial College of Science and Technology
(University of London)

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

Applications are invited for three posts of Library Assistant in the College Libraries.

1. Reader Services: General duties in the college library including loan services, and enquiry work.
2. Life Sciences: General duties including enquiry work, receipt of periodicals, binding and loan of material to the field station.
3. Mineral resources engineering: General duties in the departmental library including loan services. This post would also include some duties in the aeronautics department library. Typing ability would be an advantage.

Previous library experience not essential but the posts all call for a willingness to help readers.

Salary on scale £2,331-£3,069 or £2,866-£3,570 (including London Allowance) depending on age and experience.

Applicants, naming two referees, and stating if any post is preferred, to College Librarian (L.A.), Lyon Playfair Library, Imperial College of Science and Technology, London SW7 2AZ, as soon as possible.

Derby Lonsdale College of Higher Education

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

with special duties for the School of Education and Social Sciences.

Salary: AP 3—£3,420 to £3,834 plus supplement of £312.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Staffing Officer, Derby Lonsdale College of Higher Education, Kedleston Road, Derby DE3 1GB, to whom completed forms should be returned by Monday, 4th December, 1978.

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

THE COLLEGE OF NAUTICAL STUDIES

WARSASH, SOUTHAMPTON

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of

LIBRARIAN

at The College of Nautical Studies, Warsash, Southampton. The College is residential and has a marine technical library consisting of approximately 14,000 titles and periodicals. The Library is open to students during weekdays, evenings, and on Saturday mornings.

The successful candidate must be an Associate of the Library Association and must be prepared to assist the studies of staff and students in a wide range of specialized subjects related to the marine transport industry. The student body, numbering about 500, includes all grades of Merchant Navy Officers from Cadet to Master and Chief Engineer and other personnel from the Shipping Industry. Courses range from ONC to Degree level and include an increasing number of specialist short courses. There is a full-time lecturing staff of [illegible]. The College is situated in pleasant grounds at the junction of the Hamble River and Southampton Water. The library staff includes a library assistant and a part-time clerical assistant.

Salary scale £3,933-£4,320 (plus supplement £312) according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms from the Chief Administrative Officer, The College of Nautical Studies, Warsash, Southampton. Telephone Locksheath 6161.

INFORMATION ASSISTANT

An assistant is required for the busy information department of a large multi-disciplinary firm of Consulting Engineers. Duties would include dealing with a wide range of technical and commercial inquiries, assisting with classifying new material and general routine duties.

The post would suit someone who has recently qualified and is looking for an interesting industrial position, or someone with practical experience of a Library in the construction industry.

The post carries an attactive salary which is accompanied by the usual fringe benefits.

Applicants should apply in writing giving details of age, qualifications and experience to Helen Mitchell, Personnel Department.

Faber

OSCAR FABER & PARTNERS
UPPER MARLBOROUGH ROAD
ST. ALBANS, HERTS AL1 3UT
TELEPHONE ST. ALBANS 59111

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF SEFTON

LIBRARIES AND ARTS SERVICES DEPARTMENT

LIBRARIAN

NETHERTON LIBRARY

Grade: A.P. 4

Salary: £3,933-£4,320 plus supplement of £312.

Applications are invited for the above post in charge of a Library serving a residential suburb of Bootle, in the Merseyside conurbation. Candidates should be chartered librarians and have some experience of staff control in a public library context.

Further details are available from The Librarian and Arts Services Officer, Sefton Metropolitan Borough Council, Town Hall, Southport, Merseyside, PR8 1DA, and should be returned no later than 6th December, 1978.

Royal Institute of International Affairs

LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian which will become vacant on the retirement of the present holder in June, 1979.

Graduates with library qualifications, a working knowledge of modern European languages, and some administrative experience should write to the Administrative Director, Royal Institute of International Affairs, 10 St. James's Square, London SW1Y 4LE, for further particulars. Closing date for applications, January 12, 1979.

REMINDER

COPY FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE T.L.S. SHOULD ARRIVE NOT LATER THAN 10.30 a.m. MONDAY PRECEDING THE DATE OF PUBLICATION

LIBRARIANS

NORTH EAST LONDON POLYTECHNIC

LIBRARY
Waltham Forest
Subject Specialist
LIBRARIANS
(Two Posts:—AP4/5)
(£4,630 to £5,358)

Required to become part of a team of subject specialist librarians providing a service to the Faculty of Environmental Studies. The post offer considerable scope for personal initiative; a wide variety of professional tasks will be undertaken, and a flexible approach required.

Candidates should be qualified librarians and an interest in the literature of the built environment would be an advantage.

Further details and application forms from: The Personnel Officer, North East London Polytechnic, The Grove, London, E15. Tel: 01-555 0811, ext. 32. Please quote Reference Number A507/78. Closing Date: 8th December 1978.

LONDON BOROUGH OF REDBRIDGE

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from qualified LIBRARIANS for POST of second-in-charge of branch library.

Salary: Librarians' Scale £[illegible] to £4,146 plus £385 London Weighting.

Application form and particulars from the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Oakfield Road, Ilford, Essex IG1 1EA.

Please enclose a self-addressed foolscap envelope.

Closing date: 11th December 1978.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

MEDICAL LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARY OFFICER (salary scale £3,385 to £[illegible] a year) required for administrative duties, cataloguing and circulation. Previous experience highly desirable, preferably in a medical library. Applications, with the names of three referees, to the [illegible], University [illegible], Cambridge, West Road, Cambridge [illegible], by January 6 1979.

LIBRARIANS

ATHROFA GOGLEDD-DDWYRAIN CYMRU

THE NORTH EAST WALES INSTITUTE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

ASTON COLLEGE, WREXHAM
LIBRARIAN, GRADE A.P.5
(£4,773 to £5,073)

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the above appointment in the College Library.

The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day management of the Library and for the development of the multi-media collection of learning resources.

Application forms and further details from the Institute Registrar, North East Wales Institute of Higher Education, Kelsterton College, Connah's Quay, Deeside, Clwyd. Telephone: Deeside 817531.

Closing date for receipt of applications, 8th December.

REDDITCH DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION

DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE AND PLANNING

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
GRADE I-III
(£1,881 to £3,348)
Plus £312 supplement

Required in the Technical Library which also provides an information service to all Corporation Staff. Good opportunity for practical training and experience for applicants with part qualification Library Association examinations, postgraduate diploma, or degree in librarianship. CI/SfB (1968) classification is used exclusively.

The appointment, which is superannuable, is subject to a satisfactory medical. In appropriate cases assistance will be given with removal expenses and lodging allowance. The Corporation will be able to assist with housing accommodation.

Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications together with the names and addresses of two referees should be submitted by December 4, 1978, to: The General Manager, Redditch Development Corporation, "Holmwood", Plymouth Road, Redditch, Worcs. B97 4PD.

SHROPSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

MADELEY COURT SCHOOL
Court Street, Madeley
Telford, Salop
(Seven-form entry mixed; 11 to 18; Comprehensive)

Required from 1st January 1979: a suitably qualified person to take charge of the LIBRARY. The school functions on a resource-based learning principle centred on the library which houses the multi-media index. The job offers opportunities for a creative person who enjoys working with young people.

Salary on Librarians grade from £2,823 to £4,146 with bar operating at £3,681.

Further details available from the Headmaster, to whom application should be made in writing immediately, giving curriculum vitae and two referees.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ASTON IN BIRMINGHAM

DEPARTMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES

LECTURER IN FRENCH LANGUAGE

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above newly established POST, mainly concerned with teaching contemporary written and spoken French to undergraduates. Language teaching and learning are of great importance to the Department and we are looking for someone with good qualifications, experience, proven research and commitments in this field. Applicants must be able to lecture and conduct seminars/tutorials in French in their chosen field, and are expected to contribute to Departmental policy and practice in language learning. Qualifications in linguistics will be valuable, but this is not a post in Linguistics. A research commitment is, however, essential. Commencing salary will be within the range £3,883 to £5,842 per annum on a scale rising by annual increments to £7,754 per annum (currently under review). Reference number 314/156.

LANGUAGE STUDIES UNIT

LECTURER IN MODERN LANGUAGES/ORGANISING TUTOR IN LANGUAGE LEARNING SYSTEMS

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST, the duties of which relate in particular to a well established programme of foreign language learning at sub-degree level. Languages are currently available to students from all faculties of the University and from outside organizations, and the duties involve assessing needs and providing appropriate courses. The post will be particularly attractive to those interested in the less-taught languages (particularly Arabic or Japanese), and in flexible and student-centred language learning methods. Commencing salary will be within the range £3,883 to £5,842 per annum on a scale rising by annual increments to £7,754 per annum (currently under review). Reference number 315/156.

DEPARTMENT OF ELECTRICAL AND ELECTRONIC ENGINEERING

RESEARCH FELLOW MICROPROCESSORS

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST. The person appointed will be responsible to Professor H. A. Barker for hardware and software developments in microprocessors systems within the Department and the work will involve the design and development of industrial and teaching systems, based principally on the TMS 9900 microprocessor, using the full range of facilities available in the Department. The Research Fellow will also be required to assist in the organization of, and participate in the teaching in, the short courses in microprocessors which are a regular feature of the Department's programme. Commencing salary will be within the range £3,883 to £4,898 per annum on a scale rising by annual increments to £5,883 per annum. Reference number 318/156.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Staff Officer (quoting appropriate reference number), University of Aston in Birmingham, Gosta Green, Birmingham B4 7ET, (Telephone 021-359 3611 Extension 511) and applications should be returned by 15th December, 1978.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

For duties at Service Desk, Sydney Jones Library (arts and social sciences). Candidates should possess at least Part I of Professional Examinations of the Library Association or its equivalent. Applications from graduates with library qualifications considered.

Salary within the range £2,763-£4,387 per annum depending on qualifications and experience.

Application forms may be obtained from The Registrar, The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool L69 3BX. Quote Ref: RV/990/TLS.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

The Library of the Institute of Education has a vacancy in January 1979 for a LIBRARY ASSISTANT on Grade 2 salary range (£2,538 to £3,120 per annum) plus £450 London Allowance.

Applications giving details of education and experience should be sent to the Librarian, 11-13 Ridgmount Street, London WC1E 7AH.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

BODLEY'S LIBRARIAN

The Curators of the Bodleian Library intend to proceed shortly to an election to fill the post of Bodley's Librarian, which will fall vacant on 1st October 1979.

The post carries a stipend of £12,274 a year.

Applications (seven copies), naming three referees, but without testimonials, should be received not later than 6th January 1979 by the Registrar, University Offices, Wellington Square, Oxford, OX1 2JD, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL
(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON)

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required to undertake general duties, and especially those concerning interlibrary loans. Ability to type essential; Telex experience an advantage. Emoluments in the range £2,988 to £3,670 per annum. It is unlikely that Library School finalists or qualified librarians would be considered for this junior post, but it could be regarded as a training post for pre-library school experience.

Further details and application forms available from the Establishment Officer, St. George's Hospital Medical School, Cranmer Terrace, London SW17 0RE. Please do not telephone. Closing date, 4th December.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM

SUBJECT LIBRARIAN (ARTS)

APPLICATIONS are invited for a newly-defined POST of SUBJECT LIBRARIAN in the University Library, to cover part of the Arts area, particularly modern languages (French, German and Spanish) and English. Work with readers is an important part of the post, but it also offers a wide range of professional activity. Candidates should have a good honours degree, preferably in an appropriate subject, and a professional qualification.

The post is in the grade of Assistant Librarian (IA): salary within the range £3,883 to £6,665 but the appointment will be made initially within the range £3,883 to £4,502 per annum.

Further particulars and forms of application from the Staff Appointments Officer, University of Nottingham, University Park, Nottingham NG7 2RD, to be returned not later than December 11, 1978. Ref No. 643.

WALSALL LIBRARY AND MUSEUM SERVICES

LIBRARIAN

Librarian's Grade £2,511-£3,834 plus £312 per annum.

There will shortly be a vacancy within the Lending Services Division for a qualified librarian. The successful applicant will either be appointed to a post as Branch Librarian or in a post of Second-in-Charge at one of the major libraries in the Service.

Application forms and further details from Director, Library and Museum Services, Central Library, Lichfield Street, Walsall WS1 1TR. Closing date: 8th December, 1978.

WILTSHIRE LIBRARY & MUSEUM SERVICE

Post: MOBILE LIBRARIAN

Base: DEVIZES LIBRARY

Salary: £2,511 to £3,834 per annum plus £312 per annum supplement.

Qualifications: Parts I and II of of Library Association Examination.

This post would suit a recently qualified librarian who is interested in working in a pleasant rural community.

Application form and job discription from The Director, Library & Museum Service, Bythesea Road, Trowbridge, Wilts. (Attn. Julie Adams, ext. 2701) quoting reference NA. 78. 534 returnable by 8th December, 1978.

WOLVERHAMPTON BOROUGH COUNCIL

WOLVERHAMPTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

ASIAN SERVICES LIBRARIAN
Central Lending Library
AP3 £3,732-£4,146 (including supplement)

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIAN.

Candidates should possess a working knowledge of written and spoken English, Punjabi, Hindi, Urdu and Gujerati and preferably have had Public Library experience. Evening and Saturday duties are involved.

Further particulars and application forms (to be returned by 9th December) from the Assistant Chief Librarian (Administration), Central Library, Snow Hill, Wolverhampton WV1 3AX.

BRITISH LIBRARY OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC SCIENCE

(London School of Economics)

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT (Grade 3) in the Cataloguing Department. The person appointed will initially be a member of a small team undertaking the classification of the Library. Library experience essential; professional qualifications desirable.

Salary according to age, qualifications and experience on the scale £3,018 to £3,657 plus £450 London Allowance. Four weeks' leave a year.

Applications, with curriculum vitae and the names of two referees, within one week of the appearance of this advertisement, to the Librarian, British Library of Political and Economic Science, 10 Portugal Street, London WC2A 2HD. No application form is issued. Previous applicants for a similar post need not reapply.

CENTRAL REGIONAL COUNCIL

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

BO'NESS ACADEMY
Bo'ness

Salary: Chartered Librarian's Grade £3,430 to £3,834 plus £312 per annum supplement: Qualified Librarian Trainee Grade, £2,967 plus £312 per annum supplement.

Thirty-five hours, five day week, Monday to Friday.

Applications are invited from Chartered or Qualified Librarians.

Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications, together with names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the Director of Education, Central Regional Council, Viewforth, Stirling, within ten days of the appearance of this advertisement.

HERTFORDSHIRE

LIBRARIAN, formal qualifications not essential, required for

NURSE EDUCATION CENTRE
Shenley Hospital, Radlett

This is an interesting, varied post involving close liaison with staff and students. Initiative and resource in developing the available facilities are more important than formal qualifications although some relevant experience would be preferred.

Salary on Higher Clerical Officer Scale: £3,326 to £3,806 per annum for 36-hour week. Annual leave 17 days plus Bank Holidays and two extra days.

For further details and application forms, please contact Area Personnel Department, Brent and Harrow Area Health Authority, Signal House, Lyon Road, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 2LL. Telephone: 01-863 5111, extension 41. (Closing date 5th December.)

HUMBERSIDE COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARIES AND AMENITIES DEPARTMENT

PROFESSIONAL LIBRARIANS
(2 posts)
AP Grade I-IV
Salary Scale £2,511 to £4,320
plus supplement

(a) Post No. 49, based in Central Division.

Duties include stock editing, anticipating the demands of readers, providing material requested by users and offering advice and assistance to readers within one of the largest adult lending departments within the County. There is a stock of some 140,000 volumes and the annual issue in 1977-78 was 550,000.

(b) Post No. 118, based in Grimsby Division.

Duties include staffing and professional supervision of the Music Library at the Grimsby Central Library. This includes the issue of records, cassettes and pictures, maintenance of stock, and advice and assistance to users. Duties of the post also include working on the readers' advisory desk in the Lending Library working on readers' enquiries and book reservations.

Application forms available from and returnable to:

Director of Libraries and Amenities (AS), Central Library, Albion Street, Hull.

Closing date 4th December, 1978.

REQUIRED for LEARNED SOCIETY LIBRARY, St. James's Park, a Junior ASSISTANT, 16 plus for general library duties, ability to type essential. Would suit school leaver. Please apply in writing to the Librarian, The Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 1 Birdcage Walk, Westminster, London, SW1H 9JJ.

SHROPSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

(Re-advertisement)

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN—BIBLIOGRAPHIC SERVICES DEPARTMENT

(AP4)

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the above POST, an important one within the department. The post's main responsibility will be bibliographical work and will involve working closely with senior staff throughout the County.

The post, effectively a new one, offers a real challenge in its development and an opportunity for librarians with bibliographic experience and an outgoing character.

Stamped addressed envelope for details from the County Librarian, Column House, 7 London Road, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Closing date 8th December.

ROYAL POSTGRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in charge of periodicals and binding.

Candidates should have a professional library qualification and some experience, preferably in an academic-type library. Salary will be on the scale £3,018 to £3,657 plus £450 London Allowance.

Further details, together with application form, may be obtained from the Personnel Officer, Royal Postgraduate Medical School, 150 Du Cane Road, London W12 0HS. Closing date for applications, 6th December, 1978. Interviews will be held in the first week of January, 1979. Please quote reference number 17/102.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC LIBRARY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Experienced LIBRARY ASSISTANT required for busy Technical Services section. Ability to type and familiarity with basic bibliographic tools an advantage.

C1 grade £3,106 to £3,464 inclusive.

Application forms (to be returned by 1 December, 1978) from Assistant Registrar (Personnel), Kingston Polytechnic, Penrhyn Road, Kingston upon Thames, KT1 2EE. 01-549 1366.

LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified LIBRARIANS for this POST at THORNGROVE COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL. This is a mixed School of 1,100 pupils with a comprehensive intake in year one. A small Sixth Form will begin in September 1979. The Library is purpose-built and forms part of a new extension. Salary: AP4 5, £3,933 to £4,761, plus a supplement of £312 per annum.

Applicants wishing to visit the school or wanting further information are invited to telephone the Headmaster, Mr. A. D. Greensmith, Wilmslow 25909.

Application forms are obtainable from the District Education Officer, Cheshire County Council, County Offices, Chapel Lane, Wilmslow SK9 1PU. Closing date: 7th December.

LONDON

A city firm of solicitors will have a vacancy for a LIBRARIAN to take sole charge of their library from mid-January 1979. Starting salary £4,000 per annum. For further information please phone the Librarian on 01-638 9611.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARKING

BOROUGH LIBRARIANS DEPARTMENT

LIBRARY ASSISTANT
(TRAINEE POST)

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified LIBRARIANS for this post in the Borough's Library Service.

Salary AP1, plus supplement and London Weighting.

Forms of application may be obtained from the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Barking, Essex.

Closing date December 11, 1978.

LITERARY

PUBLISHER'S Poetry Reader required to select best poems from author's work. — Reply, stating experience to Box 7 , T.L.S., The Times, WC1X 8EZ.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ROUND HOUSE Downstairs (267 2564). An Evening of Poetry with David Gascoyne and Stephen Spender, Sunday, November 26 at 7.30 p.m.

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Quiet cottage overlooking Loch Fyne, Argyll, dependence The Creggans Inn. Sleeps 3-4. All mod. cons. Self-catering or hotel service. For winter terms & details, telephone, The Manageress, Strachur 279 or 270.

COURSES

FOUR-WEEK INTENSIVE COURSES IN MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH AS A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Brookside College, Cambridge, will be holding four-week intensive courses in Modern English Literature, and in the Teaching of English as a Foreign Language, in the months of January, February, and March, 1979. Students are welcome to apply for a place on either course to be taken separately, or for a place on both courses, which can be taken concurrently (there is no timetable overlap). Each course concludes with an optional examination, and students successful in these examinations will be awarded an appropriate certificate.

For further details write to The Vice-Principal (K. St. J. Robinson), Brookside College, 3 Brookside, Cambridge. Tel. (0223) 64639.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

THE UNIVERSITY
(Port Moresby)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LECTURER/SENIOR LECTURER in the Department of Literature, which offers a number of courses in literature, journalism, oral traditions, creative writing and contemporary writing from countries where English is a second language. Literature is also a component of one of the two Arts First Year interdisciplinary courses and a major component of Preliminary Year studies.

Applicants should possess a good postgraduate degree, some teaching and research experience, and demonstrated ability to take advanced courses in any two or more areas listed above and to supervise graduate students. A sensitivity to community expectations and interest in Pacific traditions will be considered helpful. Experience in teaching in a developing country would be an advantage. The appointee will be expected to join the Department in February, 1979. Enquiries concerning this position may be directed to the Chairman, Literature Department, University of Papua New Guinea.

Salary scale: Senior Lecturer K14,420-16,176 p.a., Lecturer K10,304-13,918 p.a. (K1 sterling equals K1.38). In addition an allowance of K1,300 p.a. if single is payable. An extra K1,000 Marriage Allowance and K156 per child Child Allowance may also be payable. Family passages; provision of housing; study leave; FSSU. In some cases it may be possible to make an appointment on secondment.

Detailed applications (2 copies) with curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees to be sent direct to Secretary, Box 4820, University PO, Papua New Guinea by 30th December 1978.

Applicants resident in the UK should also send one copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further details may be obtained from either address.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

CHAIR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Applications are invited for the Forbes Chair of English Language in succession to Professor Angus McIntosh who retires on 30th September, 1979.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary to the University, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh EH8 9YL, with whom 12 copies of the application should be lodged, if possible, not later than 20th December, 1978. Overseas applicants need supply only one copy of the application. Please quote Reference 16/78.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

Primary Communications Research Centre

POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIP

In the Communication of Research Information.

Studentships are available for research into the processes of the production and dissemination of information about research in all disciplines.

Applicants should have obtained at least a good Second Class Honours degree by July, 1979, in science, social science or humanities subjects. The studentships will be awarded for three years from October, 1979, for work leading to a Ph.D. degree.

Further details and application forms are available from Dr. M. Katzen, Assistant Director of the Primary Communications Research Centre, University of Leicester, Leicester LE1 7RH. Completed applications must reach her before 8 December, 1978.

ARCHIVISTS

Cheshire

Assistant Archivist

Cheshire Record Office
AP3/4 £3,732-£4,632
(Salary under review)

Applications are invited from Graduates with a Diploma in Archive Administration plus two years' experience for this post in the County Council Records Section at Chester. A Records Management Programme is currently being developed for modern County Council departmental records and the successful applicant will be assistant to the Archivist in charge of this programme. The work will entail daily contact with officers in other departments; and an interest in modern Local Government administration and records technology, including computer and microfilm applications, will be an advantage. There is a close working relationship between the modern and historical sections, and there will be an opportunity for general involvement in the work of the Record Office.

Application forms and further details from: The County Secretary and Solicitor, Cheshire County Council, County Hall, Chester CH1 1SF.

Closing date: 11th December

EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH Library (in British Museum). Voltaire and Rousseau until 10 Feb. Russian Futurist Books until 25 Feb. Wkdys. 10-5, Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.